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THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN GAY.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

RURAL SPORTS. TWO CANTOS.
TRIVIA. THREE BOOKS.
FAN. THREE BOOKS.
SHEPHERD'S WEEK. SIX PASTORALS.
ACIS AND GALATEA.

Fatigu'd at laſt, a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my haraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe;
Where fields, and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime,
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhyme.
My muſe ſhall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains,
And the ſame road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the Mantuan ſwain and you.

RURAL SPORTS. TO POPE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1784.

THE LIFE OF
JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY, an original poetick genius, was descended of an ancient family, which derived its name from Gilbert le Gay of Hampton Gay in Oxfordshire, who, in right of his wife, the daughter and heir of the family of Cartoyse, or Curtis, became possessed of the lordship of Goldworthy in Devonshire, the ancient seat of the name of Gay for many generations. Our Author was born in the year of the revolution 1688, near Barnstaple in that county, and put to the free-school there under an excellent master, who, being bred at Westminster, taught in the method of that school. Thus he had the advantage of being imbued with a just taste of the classicks: but the family-estate being much reduced, his fortune was not sufficient to support him as a gentleman*, and therefore his friends chose to breed him to some genteel trade. Accordingly he was put apprentice to a silk-mercer in London: but this step was taken without consulting the youth's taste and temper. The condition of an apprentice appeared too illiberal: he was not made, it seems, for a counter castor. The shop soon became his aversion: he was seldom seen in it: and in a few years his master, upon the offer of a small considera-

* In his rural sports he says,
He never had been bless'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land.

tion, willingly consented to give up his indentures. Having thus purchased the ease of his mind, he indulged himself freely and fully in that course of life to which he was irresistibly drawn by Nature. Genius concurred with inclination; poetry was at once his delight and his talent; and he suffered not his Muse to be disturbed by any disagreeable attention to the expense of cultivating it.

These qualities recommended him to such company and acquaintance as he most affected, and, among others, to Dean Swift and Mr. Pope, who were exceedingly struck with the open sincerity and undisguised simplicity of his manners, and the easiness of his temper. To this last gentleman he addressed the first fruits of his Muse, entitled Rural Sports, a Georgick, printed in 1711. This piece discovered a rich poetical vein, peculiar to himself, and met with some agreeable attestations of its merit, that would have been enjoyed with a higher relish, had not the pleasure been interrupted by the ill state of his finances, which by an uncommon degree of thoughtlessness and cullibility * were reduced now to a low ebb. Our Poet's purse was an unerring barometer of his spirits, which sinking with it, left him in the apprehension of a servile dependence, a condition he dreaded above any thing

* These are the words of Dean Swift many years afterwards, who there observes, that Providence never designed him, for this reason, to be above two-and-twenty. Letter 33 in Pope's Works, vol. ix. edit. 1742.

that could befall him. However, the clouds were shortly dispelled by the kindness of the Duchess of Monmouth, who appointed him her Secretary in 1712, with a handsome salary. This seasonable favour seating him in a coach, though not his own, kindled his Muse into a new pregnancy. He first produced his celebrated poem called Trivia; or, The Art of walking the Streets. And the following year, at the instance of Mr. Pope, he formed the plan of his Pastorals. There is not perhaps in history a more remarkable example of the force of friendship in an author, than was the undertaking and finishing this inimitable poem. Mr. Pope, in his subscription of the Hanover club to his translation of the Iliad, had been ill used by Mr. Philips their Secretary, and his rival in this species of poetry: the translator highly resented the affront, and meditating revenge, intimates to his friend Gay how greatly it was in his power to pluck the bays from this envied rival's forehead. Our Author immediately engages in his friend's quarrel, and executes his request even beyond his expectation. The rural simplicity neglected by Pope, and admired in Philips, was found in its true guise only in the Shepherd's Week. Here only Nature was seen exactly such as the country affordeth, and the manner meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. This exquisite piece came out in 1714, with a dedication to Lord Bolingbroke.

In the mean-time, so noble a way of serving his friend was the sure way of serving himself. The most promising views opened to him at court; he was caressed by some leading persons in the ministry, and his patroness rejoiced to see him taken from her house to attend the Earl of Clarendon, as Secretary in his embassy to the court of Hanover the same year. But whatever were his hopes from this new advancement, it is certain they begun and ended almost together; for Queen Anne died in fifteen days after their arrival at Hanover. However this did not prove an irreparable loss; his present situation made him personally known to the succeeding Royal family, and, returning home, he made a proper use of it, in a handsome compliment on the Princess of Wales, Consort to his Majesty King George II. at her arrival in England*. This address procured him a favourable admittance at the new court, and that raising a new flow of spirits, he wrote his incomparable farce, The What D' ye Call it, which was brought upon the stage before the end of the season, and honoured with their Royal Highnesses presence. The profits likewise brought some useful recruits to his fortune, and his poetical merit being endeared by the sweetness and sincerity of his nature, procured him an easy access to persons of the first distinction, and he passed his time among

* See his *Epistle to a Lady*, occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

the great with much satisfaction, notwithstanding the baulk of his expectation of some substantial favour from the new court, where he met with nothing than a smile. In 1716, he made a visit to his country at the expense of Lord Burlington, and he paid his Lordship with an humorous account of the journey. The like return was made for Mr. Pulteney's (late Earl of Bath) favour, who took him in his company the following year to Aix in France*.

This jaunting about, with some decent appointments, was one of the highest relished pleasures of Mr. Gay's life†, and never failed of calling forth his Muse. Soon after his return from France he introduced to the stage The Three Hours after Marriage. His friends, Mr. Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot, had both a hand in this performance, and the two principal characters were acted by two of the best comedians at that time; yet, with all these helps and advantages, it was very ill received, if not condemned the first night‡. Our Author stood the brunt with an unusual degree of magnanimity, which seems to have been inspired by a hearty regard for his partners, especially Mr. Pope,

* They are both printed in the Works. This last shews on which side his friends lay, for Mr. Pulteney had resigned his place of Secretary of war in April preceding. Salmon's *Chron. Hist.* anno 1717.

† This foible is rallied by Dean Swift, with his usual kind severity, to our Author. See Letters xlix. and lvii. in Pope's Works, vol. ix.

‡ Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, who observes, the two players were Johnson and Mrs. Oldfield.

who was greatly affected with it. Mr. Gay continued, as before, to mix with quality, and so encircled stood vulnerable. In 1718 he accompanied Mr. Pope to Lord Harcourt's seat in Oxfordshire, where they clubbed wits in consecrating to posterity the death of two rustical lovers, unfortunately killed in the neighbouring fields by a stroke of lightning *.

In 1720 he recruited his purse again by a handsome subscription to his Poems, which he collected and printed in two vols. quarto: but falling into the general infatuation of that remarkable year, he lost all his fortune in the South-sea scheme, and consequently all his spirits. In reality this stroke had almost proved fatal to him: he was seiz'd with a violent colick, and after languishing some time, removed, in 1722, to Hampstead, for the benefit of the air and waters; but by the assistance of Dr. Arbuthnot, who constantly attended him, at length he recovered, and set about writing his tragedy called The Captives, which, when finished, he had the honour of reading, from the manuscript, to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, in 1724. Her Royal Highness also promised him further marks of her favour, if he would write some Fables in verse for the use of the Duke of Cumberland. Accordingly he undertook the task, and published the Fables in 1726, with a dedication to that Prince. All this was done against the advice of Mr. Pope, the

* See Mr. Gay's letter to Elijah Fenton, in Biogr. Brit.

Duke being then only an infant; and the refult happened as that friend prefaged, to be very difagreeable to him *.

Upon the acceffion of his late Majefty to the throne, he was offered the place of gentleman-ufher to the then youngeft princefs, Louifa, a poft which he thought beneath his acceptance†, and, refenting the offer as an affront, in that ill humour with the court he wrote the famous Beggars' Opera, which being brought upon the ftage in the beginning of November 1727, was received with greater applaufe than had ever been known on any occafion: for befides being acted in London fixty-three nights, without interruption, and renewed the next feafon with fuccefs, it fpread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Briftol fifty, &c. It made its progrefs into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four nights fucceffively; and, laftly, was acted in Minorca. The ladies carried about with them the favourite fongs of it in fans, and houfes were furnifhed with it in fcreens. The fame of it was not confined to the Author only, the perfon who acted Polly, till then obfcure, being all at once the favourite of the Town; her pic-

* Dean Swift obferves, that in the Fables he was thought to be fomething too bold with the court. *Intelligencer*, No. 111.

† He excufed himfelf, as being too far advanced in life. Dean Swift is very merry upon it, and obferves to him, that O. Cromwell did not begin to appear till he was older. *Ibid.* Lett. xlix.

tures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made of her sayings and jests*; and, to crown all, after being the mother of several antinuptial children, she obtained the title and rank of a Duchess by marriage. There is scarcely, if at all, to be found in history an example where a private subject, undistinguished either by birth or fortune, had it in his power to feast his resentment so richly at the expense of his sovereign. But this was not all; he went on in the same humour, and cast a Second Part in the like-fashioned mould; which, being excluded from the stage by the Lord Chamberlain, he was encouraged to print with the title of Polly, by subscription, and this, too, considering the powers employed against it, was incredibly large†. Neither yet did it end here. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took part in resenting the indignity put upon him by this last act of power, resigned their respective places at court, took our author into their house and family, and treated him with all the endearing kindness of an intimate and much-beloved friend.

These noble additions to his fame, his fortune, and his friendships, inspired him with fresh vigour, raised him to a degree of confidence and assurance, and he

* Swift's *Intelligencer*, No. 111.

† It was said, that he got more this way than he could have done by a bare theatrical representation. Cibber, the father, in his *Apology*, p. 144.

was even prompted to think that The Wife of Bath, despised and rejected as it had been *, might, with some improvements which he could now give it, be made to taste the sweets of this happy change in his fortune. In this temper he revised and altered it, and brought it again new dressed upon the stage in 1729, but had the mortification to see all his sanguine hopes of its success blasted: it met with the same fate in the playhouse as formerly. This rebuff happened in March 1729,-30; and thereupon the evil spirit of Melancholy entered into him, which, with the return of his constitutional distemper, the colick, gave a new edge to the sense of his disappointments at Court with respect to the Beggars' Opera. In that satire he had, it seems, flattered himself with the hopes of awing the court into a disposition to take him into favour, in the view of its being necessary to keep so powerful a pen in good humour, and engaging it on their side.

This last refinement upon his misery, added to the former indignities, threw him into a dejection, which he in vain endeavoured to remove by another tour into Somersetshire in 1731. In short, he grew incurable: but the state both of his body and mind cannot be so satisfactorily described as it is in his own account of it to Mr. Pope. "My melancholy (says he) increases, " and every hour threatens me with some return of

* *Viz.* in 1714, when it was first acted, Cibber's *Lives of the Poets.*

" my distemper: nay, I think I may rather say I " have it on me. Not the divine looks, the kind fa- " vours and expressions of the divine Duchess, who " hereafter shall be in a place of a queen to me, nay, " she shall be my queen, nor the inexpressible good- " ness of the Duke, can in the least cheer me. The " drawingroom no more receives light from those " two stars. There is now (what Milton says in Hell) " darkness visible. O that I had never known what " a court was. Dear Pope! what a barren soil (to me " so) have I been striving to produce something out " of! Why did not I take your advice before my " writing fables for the Duke, not to write them, or " rather to write them for some young nobleman? " It is my hard fate, I must get nothing, write for " them or against them." In this disposition, it is no wonder that we find him rejecting a proposal made to him by this last-mentioned friend in 1732, of trying his Muse upon the Hermitage, then lately built by Queen Caroline in Richmond gardens; to which he answers, with a fixed despondency, that " he knew " himself unworthy of Royal patronage."

However, in the sweetly delightful retirement of Amesbury, a seat of his noble patron, near Stonehenge, upon Salisbury plain, he found lucid intervals enough to finish his opera called Achilles, and coming with the family to his Grace's house in Burlington gardens, to pass the winter season, he gave that piece

to the playhouse, he week after was suddenly seized with a violen inflammatory fever, which ended in a mortification of the bowels, in three days put a period to his life, ... 11. 1732. In his short illness he was attended by ... physicians, besides Dr. Arbuthnot, who part... d, that it was the most precipitate cas... s meaning, after the fever shewed i... for the... were prognosticks enough to predict his approaching end long before, and he himself was sensible of it. In the beginning of October he sent Mr. Pope the last gift, as a token to be kept in remembrance of his dying friend, declaring that he found, by many warnings, he had no continuing city here. "I begin (says he) to look upon "myself as one already dead, and desire, my dear "Mr. Pope, whom I love as my own soul, if you sur-"vive me, as you certainly will, if a stone should "mark the place of my grave, see these words put "upon it;

> Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, but now I know it.

"With what else you may think proper." This dying request was executed by that friend with remarkable piety*; and the whole epitaph (which is subjoined to this Life), inscribed on a very handsome

* His moral character is particularly insisted on; perhaps the more, as it had been aspersed by Jacob in his *Lives of the Poets*; which, ho... had been revenged by Pope in the *Dunciad*, lib. iii. ve... 150, first edition.

marble monument, erected [illegible] memory by the Duke and Dutchefs of Queensb[illegible] who took care to have his body interred with a [illegible]ble funeral folemnity. The corpfe was br[illegible] the company of Upholders, from his [illegible] to Exeter-change in the Strand, whe[illegible] in a very decent ftate, it was drawn in a [illegible] with plumes of black and white feathers, attended [illegible] three mourning coaches and fix horfes to Weftminfter-abbey, at eight o'clock in the evening, on the 23d of December. The pall was fupported by the Earl of Chefterfield, the Lord Vifcount Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Dormer, Mr. Gore, and Mr Pope; the fervice being performed by the then Dean, Dr. Wilcox, Bifhop of Rochefter, the choir attending. He was interred in the South crofs aifle, againft the tomb of Chaucer, near the place where ftands his monument.

The Opera of Achilles was brought upon the ftage foon after his death, and met with a very good reception, which was greatly promoted by the Duke of Queenfberry, who was uncommonly affiduous in patronizing it, and who, as Mr. Pope obferves, acted in this, and every thing elfe, more than the part of a brother to his deceafed friend. It was alfo through the influence of his example that the profits of the reprefentation were given by the [illegible] managers of the playhoufe to our Author's two widow [illegible]fters, Katharine and Johanna, relicts of Mr. Ballet [illegible] Mr. For-

rescue, who, as heirs at law, shared his fortune, (about the sum of 3000l.) equally between them; which disposition was agreeable to his own desire, and therefore it was that he made no will. He left several manuscripts behind him, some of which came into the hands of Mr. Pope, who, for that part of them, took care, no doubt, (as he promised Dean Swift) to suppress such as he judged unworthy of him. A few years after his death, there was published, under his name, a comedy called The Distressed Wife, the second edition of which was printed in 1750; and in 1754 there appeared a humorous piece inscribed to him, with the title of The Rehearsal at Goatham.

EPITAPH.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage;
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n amongst the great:
A safe companion and an easy friend;
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy honours! Not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms,—Here lies GAY.

Then follows this farther inscription.

Here lie the ashes of Mr. JOHN GAY,
The warmest friend,
The most benevolent man:
Who maintained
Independency
In low circumstances of fortune;
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age;
And that equal serenity of mind
Which conscious goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole course of his life.
Favourite of the Muses,
He was led by them to every elegant art;
Refin'd in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superiour to many,
Inferiour to none.
His Works continue to inspire
What his example taught,
Contempt of folly, however adorned;
Detestation of vice, however dignified;
Reverence of virtue, however disgraced.

RURAL SPORTS.
A GEORGICK.

IN TWO CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

——Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus. Nemeſian.

CANTO I.

You, who the ſweets of rural life have known,
Deſpiſe th' ungrateful hurry of the Town;
In Windſor groves your eaſy hours employ,
And undiſturb'd, yourſelf and Muſe enjoy:
Thames liſtens to thy ſtrains, and ſilent flows,
And no rude wind thro' ruſtling oſiers blows,
While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy ſong.
But I, who ne'er was bleſs'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughſhares in paternal land;
Long in the noiſy Town have been immur'd;
Reſpir'd its ſmoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politicks divide mankind,
And ſchemes of ſtate involve th' uneaſy mind;
Faction embroils the world, and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with ſcandal hung:
Friendſhip, for ſylvan ſhades, the palace flies,
Where all muſt yield to int'reſt's dearer ties;

Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honeſty forſakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike diſown.
Fatigu'd at laſt, a calm retreat I choſe,
And ſooth'd my haraſs'd mind with ſweet repoſe,
Where fields, and ſhades, and the refreſhing clime,
Inſpire the ſylvan ſong, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muſe ſhall rove thro' flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native ſtrains,
And the ſame road ambitiouſly purſue,
Frequented by the Mantuan ſwain and you.
'Tis not that Rural Sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And ſtrings the ſinews of th' induſtrious ſwain.
Soon as the morning lark ſalutes the day,
Thro' dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.
When the freſh Spring in all her ſtate is crown'd,
And high luxuriant graſs o'erſpreads the ground,
The lab'rer with the bending ſithe is ſeen
Shaving the ſurface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride diſrobes the land,
And meads lays waſte before his ſweeping hand;
While with the mounting ſun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he looſely throws;

But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sunburnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.
  Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours!
Hide me, ye Forests! in your closest bow'rs:
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bord'ring hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.
  Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgick strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes.
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:

Here I ſurvey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and riſe in graceful row:
Now I behold the ſteed curvet and bound,
And paw with reſtleſs hoof the ſmoking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chaſes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
His well-arm'd front againſt his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his miſtreſs claims:
The careful inſect 'midſt his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhauſt the fragrant dew;
With golden treaſures load his little thighs,
And ſteer his diſtant journey thro' the ſkies;
Some againſt hoſtile drones the hive defend,
Others with ſweets the waxen cells diſtend:
Each in the toil his deſtin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty ſoul appears.
  Or when the ploughman leaves the taſk of day,
And trudging homeward whiſtles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience ſtand,
Waiting the ſtrokings of the damſel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
To court kind ſlumbers to their ſprays retire;
When no rude gale diſturbs the ſleeping trees,
Nor aſpen leaves confeſs the gentleſt breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I ſtray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the ſun his glory hides,
A ſtreak of gold the ſea and ſky divides;

The purple clouds their amber linings ſhow,
And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below;
Here penſive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the diſtant billow loſe my ſight.
  Now Night in ſilent ſtate begins to riſe,
And twinkling orbs beſtrow th' uncloudy ſkies;
Her borrow'd luſtre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the ſpacious air,
Which round their ſuns their annual circle ſteer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my ſenſe,
While I ſurvey the works of Providence.
O could the Muſe in loftier ſtrains rehearſe,
The glorious Author of the univerſe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vaſt ocean bounds,
And circumſcribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My ſoul ſhould overflow in ſongs of praiſe,
And my Creator's name inſpire my lays!
  As in ſucceſſive courſe the ſeaſons roll,
So circling pleaſures recreate the ſoul;
When genial Spring a living warmth beſtows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No ſwelling inundation hides the grounds,
But cryſtal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forſake,
Float in the ſun, and ſkim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the ſhallow ſtreams,
Their ſilver coats reflect the dazzling beams:

Now let the fiſherman his toils prepare,
And arm himſelf with ev'ry wat'ry ſnare;
His hooks, his lines, peruſe with careful eye,
Increaſe his tackle, and his rod retie.
 When floating clouds their ſpongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the ſtreams with ſwift-deſcending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's ſide,
Bear the looſe ſoil into the ſwelling tide,
Then, ſoon as vernal gales begin to riſe,
And drive the liquid burden thro' the ſkies,
The fiſher to the neighb'ring current ſpeeds,
Whoſe rapid ſurface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a riſing border of the brook
He ſits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His boſom glows with treaſures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet ſeems to ſtand,
Where ev'ry gueſt applauds his ſkilful hand.
 Far up the ſtream the twiſted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful ſway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily ſucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy Fiſherman! now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Caſt on the bank, he dies with gaſping pains,
And trickling blood his ſilver mail diſtains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse;
The worm that draws a long immod'rate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud 's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.

So the gay lady, with expenſive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of ſea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing diſplays,
Dazzles our eyes, and eaſy hearts betrays.
  Mark well the various ſeaſons of the year,
How the ſucceeding inſect race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout diſdains.
Oft' have I ſeen a ſkilful angler try
The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
When he with fruitleſs pain hath ſkimm'd the brook,
And the coy fiſh rejects the ſkipping hook,
He ſhakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the ſtream a waving foreſt throw,
When if an inſect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy veſt, his wings, his horns, and ſize;
Then round his hook the choſen fur he winds,
And on the back a ſpeckled feather binds;
So juſt the colours ſhine thro' ev'ry part,
That Nature ſeems to live again in Art.
Let not thy wary ſtep advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a ſingle hair;
The new-form'd inſect on the water moves,
The ſpeckled trout the curious ſnare approves;
Upon the curling ſurface let it glide,
With nat'ral motion from thy hand ſupply'd,

Againſt the ſtream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away :
The ſcaly ſhoals float by, and, ſeiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows toſt in thinner air ;
But ſoon they leap, and catch the ſwimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and ſhare an equal fate.
When a briſk gale againſt the current blows,
And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fiſherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous ſalmon chance to ſpy
The wanton errours of the floating fly,
He lifts his ſilver gills above the flood,
And greedily ſucks in th' unfaithful food,
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little ſpoil away :
Soon in ſmart pain he feels the dire miſtake,
Laſhes the wave, and beats the foamy lake ;
With ſudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulſive anguiſh bears ;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his ſhining body round ;
Then headlong ſhoots beneath the daſhing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide :
Now hope exalts the fiſher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art ;
He views the tumbling fiſh with longing eyes,
While the line ſtretches with th' unwieldy prize ;

Each motion humours with his ſteady hands,
And one ſlight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tir'd at laſt, deſpoil'd of all his ſtrength,
The game athwart the ſtream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleaſure, views the gaſping prize
Gnaſh his ſharp teeth, and roll his bloodſhot eyes;
Then draws him to the ſhore with artful care,
And lifts his noſtrils in the ſick'ning air:
Upon the burden'd ſtream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and gaſping dies.
  Would you preſerve a num'rous finny race?
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chaſe:
Th' amphibious monſter ranges all the ſhores,
Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving ſteps betray,
And ſave from hoſtile jaws the ſcaly prey.
  I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy ſtream, whoſe tangling weeds
Perplex the fiſher; I nor chuſe to bear
The thieviſh nightly net nor barbed ſpear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trow'l for pikes, diſpeoplers of the lake.
Around the ſteel no tortur'd worm ſhall twine,
No blood of living inſect ſtain my line:
Let me, leſs cruel, caſt the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin ſtray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

Now, ſporting Muſe! draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear ſtreams awhile for ſunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearſe,
And all the fiſhermen adorn thy verſe;
Should you the wide-encircling net diſplay,
And in its ſpacious arch encloſe the ſea,
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the ſole and turbot hide the ſand,
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry ſong.
Let the keen hunter from the chaſe refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye Reapers! to your taſk repair;
Haſte, ſave the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gath'ring hook long furrows yield,
And riſing ſheaves extend thro' all the field.
Yet if for ſylvan ſports thy boſom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid courſe I view!
How does my eye the circling race purſue!
He ſnaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The ſubtle hare darts ſwift beneath his paws;

She flies, he ſtretches: now with nimble bound
Eager he preſſes on, but overſhoots his ground:
She turns, he winds, and ſoon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the ſcreaming prey.
What various ſport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholeſome board!
Nor leſs the ſpaniel ſkilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the lab'ring horſe, with ſwelling veins,
Hath ſafely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To ſweet repaſt th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the ſcatter'd harveſt lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the ſlav'ry of entangling nets.
The ſubtle dog ſcours with ſagacious noſe
Along the field, and ſnuffs each breeze that blows;
Againſt the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the ſtrong gale directs him to the prey:
Now the warm ſcent aſſures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (leſt ſome ſentry fowl the fraud deſcry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Cloſe to the ground in expectation lies,
'Till in the ſnare the flutt'ring covey riſe.
Soon as the bluſhing light begins to ſpread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly ſhelter of the brakes:

Or when the ſun caſts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the weſtern way,
Let your obſequious ranger ſearch around,
Where yellow ſtubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving ſpy direct in vain,
But num'rous covies gratify thy pain.
When the meridian ſun contracts the ſhade,
And friſking heifers ſeek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with ſudden rains,
Or driving miſts deface the moiſt'ned plains,
In vain his toils th' unſkilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
  Nor muſt the ſporting verſe the gun forbear,
But what 's the fowler's be the Muſe's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The ſcent grows warm; he ſtops; he ſprings the prey:
The flutt'ring covies from the ſtubble riſe,
And on ſwift wing divide the ſounding ſkies;
The ſcatt'ring lead purſues the certain ſight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copſe thy leſſer ſpaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not cloſeſt coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood reſounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets ſing,
Who terrour bears upon his ſoaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern ſurvey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray,
Nor ſhall the mounting lark the Muſe detain,
That greets the morning with his early ſtrain;
When, 'midſt his ſong, the twinkling glaſs betrays;
While from each angle flaſh the glancing rays,
And in the ſun the tranſient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the ſkies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But ſtill the chaſe, a pleaſing taſk, remains;
The hound muſt open in theſe rural ſtrains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eaſtern clouds with roſy light,
The healthy huntſman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled Morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouſe from ſleep, and anſwer ſounds for ſounds:
Wide thro' the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding boſoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their ſmoking noſtrils trace,
No bounding hedge obſtructs their eager pace;
The diſtant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods reſound the flying war:
The tuneful noiſe the ſprightly courſer hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;

The ſlacken'd rein now gives him all his ſpeed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the ſteed;
Hills, dales, and foreſts, far behind remain,
While the warm ſcent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where ſhall the trembling hare a ſhelter find?
Hark! death advances in each guſt of wind!
New ſtratagems and doubling wiles ſhe tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large ſhe flies,
Till, ſpent at laſt, ſhe pants and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But ſtay, advent'rous Muſe! haſt thou the force
To wind the twiſted horn, to guide the horſe?
To keep thy ſeat unmov'd haſt thou the ſkill,
O'er the high gate and down the headlong hill?
Canſt thou the ſtag's laborious chaſe direct,
Or the ſtrong fox thro' all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay;
Ye mighty Hunters! ſpare this weak eſſay.
O happy Plains! remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hoſtile arms!
And happy Shepherds! who, ſecure from fear,
On open downs preſerve your fleecy care!
Whoſe ſpacious barns groan with increaſing ſtore,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor;
No barb'rous ſoldier, bent on cruel ſpoil,
Spreads deſolation o'er your fertile ſoil;
No trampling ſteed lays waſte the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;

No flaming beacons caſt their blaze afar,
The dreadful ſignal of invaſive war;
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his ſwooning fair.
What happineſs the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day ſhe ſpends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happineſs, and ſuch unblemiſh'd fame,
Ne'er glad the boſom of the courtly dame.)
She never feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her veins;
She never loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe;
Her homeſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt:
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign,
An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain.
No homebred jars her quiet ſtate control,
Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul:
With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race
Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the length'ning wool,

Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwinds.
  Ye happy Fields! unknown to noiſe and ſtrife,
The kind rewarders of induſtrious life;
Ye ſhady Woods! where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muſe and love;
Ye murm'ring Streams! that in meanders roll,
The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul,
Farewell.—The City calls me from your bow'rs;
Farewell amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours.

TRIVIA:

OR,

THE ART OF WALKING

THE

STREETS OF LONDON

IN THREE BOOKS.

Quò te Mœri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in urbem? Virg.

Advertisement.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The Criticks may see by this Poem that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers, that of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this Poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit, I shall acquaint you for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift: and if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto;

——Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

Of the implements for walking the ſtreets, and ſigns of the weather.

THROUGH winter ſtreets to ſteer your courſe aright,
How to walk clean by day, and ſafe by night,
How joſtling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to aſſert the wall, and when reſign,
I ſing; thou Trivia! goddeſs aid my ſong,
Thro' ſpacious ſtreets conduct thy bard along;
By thee tranſported, I ſecurely ſtray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The ſilent court and op'ning ſquare explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and ſmooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the ſturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilſt ev'ry ſtroke his lab'ring lungs reſound;
For thee the ſcavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt ſubſide.
My youthful boſom burns with thirſt of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a Civick crown;
But more, my country's love demands the lays,
My country's be the profit, mine the praiſe.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And Clean your shoes resounds from ev'ry voice;
When late their miry sides stagecoaches show,
And their stiff horses thro' the Town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries,
Then let the prudent Walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd;
Let firm well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modest shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care
To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The freeze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And show'rs soon drench the cambler's cockled grain;
True Witney * broad cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn;

* A town in Oxfordshire.

Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the Town the spoils of Russia's Bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace;
That garment best the winter's rage defends
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
By various names * in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true Surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, tho' small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Tho' not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use,
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily ensure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's †, assemblies, or the play;
Rosy complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.

V. 56.] *Whose ample form without one plait* depends. 12mo edit. 1767.

* A Joseph, a Wrap-rascal, &c.

† White's chocolate-house in St. James's-Street.

Imprudent men Heaven's choiceſt gifts profane,
Thus ſome beneath their arm ſupport the cane;
The dirty point oft' checks the careleſs pace,
And miry ſpots thy clean cravat diſgrace:
O! may I never ſuch miſfortune meet,
May no ſuch vicious Walkers crowd the ſtreet;
May Providence o'erſhade me with her wings,
While the bold Muſe experienc'd dangers ſings.
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muſe,
Where Slav'ry treads the ſtreet in wooden ſhoes:
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumſy boor to ſkate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain deſcend,
No miry ways induſtrious ſteps offend,
The ruſhing flood from ſloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty ſhow'rs.
Let others Naples' ſmoother ſtreets rehearſe,
And with proud Roman ſtructures grace their verſe,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the ſtones:
Nor ſhall the Muſe thro' narrow Venice ſtray,
Where gondolas their painted oars diſplay.
O happy Streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, ſhake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's City bleſs'd,
Ere pride and luxury her ſons poſſeſs'd;

Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the Town,
And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street: the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy Pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage:
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot's sides:
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O Honest Men! these useful lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise.
When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
From sure prognosticks learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
Surpris'd in dreary fogs or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn:
This knows the powder'd footman, and, with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;

And when the burſting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy ſurtout defend the drenching ſhow'r.
  The changing weather certain ſigns reveal,
E're winter ſheds her ſnow, or froſts congeal,
You 'll ſee the coals in brighter flames aſpire,
And ſulphur tinge with blue the riſing fire;
Your tender ſhins the ſcorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine:
Before her kitchen hearth the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hov'ring upon her feeble knees ſhe bends,
And all around the grateful warmth aſcends.
  Nor do leſs certain ſigns the Town adviſe
Of milder weather and ſerener ſkies.
The ladies, gaily dreſs'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the ſunny morn;
The wanton fawns with friſking pleaſure range,
And chirping ſparrows greet the welcome change:
Not that their minds with greater ſkill are fraught*,
Endu'd by Inſtinct, or by Reaſon taught;
The ſeaſons operate on ev'ry breaſt:
'Tis hence that fawns are briſk, and ladies dreſt.
When on his box the nodding coachman ſnores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd, then ne'er refuſe
To truſt thy buſy ſteps in thinner ſhoes.

* Haud equidem credo quia ſit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major. Virg. Georg. I.

But when the ſwinging ſigns your ears offend
With creaking noiſe, then rainy floods impend;
Soon ſhall the kennels ſwell with rapid ſtreams,
And ruſh in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookſeller, whoſe ſhop 's an open ſquare,
Foreſees the tempeſt, and with early care
Of learning ſtrips the rails: the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.
On hoſiers' poles depending ſtockings ty'd,
Flag with the ſlacken'd gale from ſide to ſide.
Church-monuments foretel the changing air;
Then Niobe diſſolves into a tear,
And ſweats with ſecret grief. You 'll hear the ſounds
Of whiſtling winds ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common ſewers diffuſe,
And dropping vaults diſtil unwholeſome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the ſmoking ſhow'r,
And ſpouts on heedleſs men their torrents pour.
All ſuperſtition from thy breaſt repel.
Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurſes tell
How, if the feſtival of Paul be clear,[*]
Plenty from lib'ral horn ſhall ſtrow the year;
When the dark ſkies diſſolve in ſnow or rain,
The lab'ring hind ſhall yoke the ſteer in vain;
But if the threat'ning winds in tempeſts roar,
Then War ſhall bathe her waſteful ſword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feaſt the welkin lours,
And ev'ry penthouſe ſtreams with haſty ſhow'rs,

Twice twenty days ſhall clouds their fleeces drain,
And waſh the pavements with inceſſant rain.
Let not ſuch vulgar tales debaſe thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muſe deſpiſe,
And ſlight the faithful warning of the ſkies,
Others you'll ſee when all the Town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kerſey coat,
Or double-button'd freeze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the ſtreet,
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of ſpouts high ſtreaming, and with cautious tread
Shun ev'ry daſhing pool; or idly ſtop,
To ſeek the kind protection of a ſhop.
But bus'neſs ſummons; now with haſty ſcud
You joſtle for the wall; the ſpatter'd mud
Hides all thy hoſe behind; in vain you ſcour;
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the ſhow'r.
So fierce Alecto's ſnaky treſſes fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous pow'rs of hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus's beard, with briny dew
Clotted and ſtrait, when firſt his am'rous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now ſtands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
Good houſewives all the winter's rage deſpiſe,
Defended by the ridinghood's diſguiſe;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily ſhade,
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.

V. 193] *Double-bottom'd* freeze. 12mo edit. 1767.

Let Perſian dames th' umbrella's ribs diſplay,
To guard their beauties from the ſunny ray;
Or ſweating ſlaves ſupport the ſhady load,
When eaſtern monarchs ſhow their ſtate abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly ſhow'rs the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muſe! the patten's praiſe,
That female implement ſhall grace thy lays;
Say, from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce the name.
Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny ſoil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bleſt his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) ſhe bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilſt on her father's knee the damſel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the ſmiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the gray-ey'd Morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty houſewife bears,
And ſinging to the diſtant field repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are ſpread,
The milky burden ſmokes upon her head:
Deep thro' a miry lane ſhe pick'd her way,
Above her ankle roſe the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden ſpies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He ſaw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah! Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian ſpouſe;
Think how her eyes dart inexhauſted charms,
And canſt thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian Pow'r forſakes the realms above,
His boſom glowing with terreſtrial love.
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholeſome ground.
Here ſmokes his forge, he bares his ſinewy arm,
And early ſtrokes the ſounding anvil warm:
Around his ſhop the ſteelly ſparkles flew,
As for the ſteed he ſhap'd the bending ſhoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil reſts, his forge forgets to flame:
To hear his ſoothing tales ſhe feigns delays;
What woman can reſiſt the force of praiſe?
At firſt ſhe coily ev'ry kiſs withſtood,
And all her cheek was fluſh'd with modeſt blood:
With headleſs nails he now ſurrounds her ſhoes,
To ſave her ſteps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his ſoothing tales, his preſents wore,
And granted kiſſes, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold ſhe pines,
And on her cheek the fading roſe declines;

No more her lucid eyes their luſtre boaſt,
And in hoarſe ſounds her melting voice is loſt.
  This Vulcan ſaw, and in his heav'nly thought
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her ſhelter'd ſteps to raiſe,
And bear her ſafely thro' the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten roſe.
No more her lungs are ſhook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his ſuit: tho' flatt'ry fail,
Preſents with female virtue muſt prevail.
The patten now ſupports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

TRIVIA

BOOK II.

Of walking the streets by day.

Thus far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the Walker with judicious eyes
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, Muse! from home to range the Town,
And for the publick safety risk thy own.
  For ease and for dispatch the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest:
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffick bear:
On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians, with their milky cheer,
The lovesick maid and dwindling beau repair.
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now Industry awakes her busy sons;
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy Town,
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,
Three trades avoid. Oft' in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress:
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye;
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye Walkers! too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimneysweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When thro' the street a cloud of ashes flies:
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat: resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray;
Butchers! whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid;
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling Age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road:
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll ſometimes meet a fop, of niceſt tread,
Whoſe mantling peruke veils his empty head:
At ev'ry ſtep he dreads the wall to loſe,
And riſks to ſave a coach, his red-heel'd ſhoes;
Him, like the miller, paſs with caution by,
Leſt from his ſhoulder clouds of powder fly:
But when the bully, with aſſuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarniſh'd lace,
Yield not the way; defy his ſtrutting pride,
And thruſt him to the muddy kennel's ſide:
He never turns again, nor dares oppoſe,
But mutters coward curſes as he goes.
If drawn by bus'neſs to a ſtreet unknown,
Let the ſworn porter point thee thro' the Town.
Be ſure obſerve the ſigns, for ſigns remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way;
Thoſe fabling boys will turn thy ſteps aſtray:
Aſk the grave tradeſman to direct thee right;
He ne'er deceives but when he profits by 't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits ſpread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head;
Here to ſev'n ſtreets ſev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray:
Here oft' the peaſant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on ev'ry ſign with ſtupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze;

Tries ev'ry winding court and ſtreet in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary ſteps again.
Thus hardy Theſeus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete;
But ſtill the wand'ring paſſes forc'd his ſtay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy ventrous footſteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with deluſive ſmiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggiſh boys the ſtunted beſom ply,
To rid the ſlabby pavement, paſs not by
Ere thou haſt held their hands; ſome heedleſs flirt
Will overſpread thy calves with ſpatt'ring dirt.
Where porters' hogſheads roll from carts aſlope,
Or brewers down ſteep cellars ſtretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen toſt,
Stay thy raſh ſtep, and walk without the poſt.
What tho' the gath'ring mire thy feet beſmear?
The voice of induſtry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his deſtin'd ſtand,
And the ſhoe ſhines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muſe, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digreſſive ſong;
Of ſhirtleſs youths the ſecret riſe to trace,
And ſhow the parent of the ſable race.
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range.

To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon thro' the wide ethereal court improv'd,
And ev'n the proudest goddess now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina * (goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the City glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the Town she rov'd;
A mortal scavenger she saw; she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace:
She gaz'd; she sigh'd: for Love can beauties spy
In what seems faults to ev'ry common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder: swift the goddess rose,
And thro' the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wand'ring harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast:
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;

* Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1, 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

To the dark alley arm in arm they move;
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her ſpace,
The pregnant goddeſs (cautious of diſgrace)
Deſcends to earth, but ſought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midſt her anguiſh to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful goſſip wiſh'd the mother joy;
Alone, beneath a bulk, ſhe dropt the boy.
The child thro' various riſks in years improv'd;
At firſt a beggar's brat, compaſſion mov'd;
His infant tongue ſoon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.
O happy unown'd Youths! your limbs can bear
The ſcorching dogſtar and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirſts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!
The goddeſs long had mark'd the child's diſtreſs,
And long had ſought his ſuff'rings to redreſs;
She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands ſome beneficial art
Practis'd in ſtreets: the gods her ſuit allow'd,
And made him uſeful to the walking crowd,
To cleanſe the miry feet, and o'er the ſhoe
With nimble ſkill the gloſſy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the ſtrong briſtles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his bruſh; the god of Day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way

To raiſe the dirty foot, and eaſe his toil;
And Neptune fills his vaſe with fetid oil
Preſt from th' enormous whale; the god of Fire,
From whoſe dominions ſmoky clouds aſpire,
Among theſe generous preſents joins his part,
And aids with ſoot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd ſhe receives the gifts; ſhe downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and ſhoots beneath the tides.
Now dawns the morn, the ſturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his ſtall, his tangled hair he ſhakes,
Then leaning o'er the rails, he muſing ſtood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common ſew'rs a lulling murmur keep,
Whoſe torrents ruſh from Holborn's fatal ſteep:
Penſive thro' idleneſs, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and waſh'd his face;
At length he ſighing cry'd, That boy was bleſt,
Whoſe infant lips have drain'd a mother's breaſt;
But happier far are thoſe, (if ſuch be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard Fortune's utmoſt ſcorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Chriſtmas box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd;

For lesser boys can drive: I thirsty stand,
And see the double flagon charge their hand;
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy ravens' back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind:
Now beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun;
Thy pray'rs are granted; weep no more my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil:
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence found.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her show'rs of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd,
Where branching streets from Charingcross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Muse,
And Whitehall echoes——Clean your Honour's shoes.

Like the ſweet ballad, this amuſing lay
Too long detains the Walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The buſy City aſks inſtructive ſong.
Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Claſp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailſtones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled ſhow'r)
Among the rabble rain: ſome random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.
Tho' expedition bids, yet never ſtray
Where no rang'd poſts defend the rugged way,
Here laden carts with thund'ring wagons meet,
Wheels claſh with wheels, and bar the narrow ſtreet;
The laſhing whip reſounds, the horſes ſtrain,
And blood in anguiſh burſts the ſwelling vein.
O barb'rous Men! your cruel breaſts aſſuage;
Why vent ye on the gen'rous ſteed your rage;
Does not his ſervice earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the ſoul revives,
And, ſhifting ſeats, in other bodies lives,
Severe ſhall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horſe the Town to range:
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load ſhall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the laſh ſhall awe.
Who would of Watling-ſtreet the dangers ſhare,
When the broad pavement of Cheapſide is near;

Or who that rugged ſtreet would traverſe o'er,
That ſtretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black ſhore
To the Tow'r's moated walls *? here ſteams aſcend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled noſe offend.
Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fiſhy prey
Hide the wet ſtall, long abſent from the ſea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's ſpoil;
And where huge hogſheads ſweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing noſtril hold: but how ſhall I
Paſs where, in piles, Cornavian † cheeſes lie?
Cheeſe, that the table's cloſing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain riſe.
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall Mall;
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy ſmell!
At diſtance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor ſturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways, where chairs deny'd
The ſoft ſupports of lazineſs and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' ſaſhes ribands glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau:
Yet ſtill ev'n here, when rains the paſſage hide,
Oft' the looſe ſtone ſpirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careleſs foot; and from on high,
Where maſons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar and crumbled lime in ſhow'rs deſcend,
And o'er thy head deſtructive tiles impend.

* Thames ſtreet. † Cheſhire, anciently ſo called.

But ſometimes let me leave the noiſy roads,
And ſilent wander in the cloſe abodes,
Where wheels ne'er ſhake the ground; there penſive ſtray,
In ſtudious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each Walker's diff'rent face,
And in their look their various bus'neſs trace.
The broker here his ſpacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow ſit jealouſies and cares;
Bent on ſome mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He ſeeks by-ſtreets, and ſaves th' expenſive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluſe, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the laviſh rake, to ſhun
His Fleetſtreet draper's everlaſting dun.
Careful obſervers, ſtudious of the Town,
Shun the misfortunes that diſgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Paſs'd by the Muſe, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never croſs behind,
Where bubbling yeſt is blown by guſts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move ſlow,
Far from the ſtraining ſteeds ſecurely go,
Whoſe daſhing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'ſquire.
The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws,
And as he flies infeſts purſuing foes.

* A cheat commonly practis'd with three thimbles and a little ball.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each Walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Oft' with his flourish cuts the heedless eye?
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines, whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slipp'ry roads,
The gath'ring fleece the hollow patten loads;

But if thy footſteps ſlide with clotted froſt,
Strike off the breaking balls againſt the poſt.
On ſilent wheel the paſſing coaches roll,
Oft' look behind, and ward the threat'ning pole.
In harden'd orbs the ſchoolboy moulds the ſnow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, Boys! the kennel's ſurface ſpread,
To tempt with faithleſs paſs the matron's tread?
How can ye laugh to ſee the damſel ſpurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green ſtocking mourn?
At White's the harneſs'd chairman idly ſtands,
And ſwings around his waiſt his tingling hands:
The ſempſtreſs ſpeeds to Change with red-tipt noſe,
The Belgian ſtove beneath her footſtool glows:
In half-whipt muſlin needles uſeleſs lie,
And ſhuttlecocks acroſs the counter fly.
Theſe ſports warm harmleſs; why then will ye prove,
Deluded Maids! the dang'rous flame of love?
Where Covent-Garden's famous temple ſtands,
That boaſts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the ſquare;
Here oft' my courſe I bend, when, lo! from far,
I ſpy the furies of the foot-ball'd war:
The 'prentice quits his ſhop to join the crew,
Increaſing crowds the flying game purſue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er ſnowy ground,
The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.

But whither ſhall I run? the throng draws nigh;
The ball now ſkims the ſtreet, now ſoars on high;
The dext'rous glazier ſtrong returns the bound,
And jingling ſaſhes on the penthouſe ſound.
  O roving Muſe! recall that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air:
When hoary Thames, with froſted oſiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound,
The watermen, forlorn along the ſhore,
Penſive reclines upon his uſeleſs oar,
Sees harneſs'd ſteeds deſert the ſtony Town,
And wander roads unſtable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters ſmoothly glide,
And raſe with whiten'd tracks the ſlipp'ry tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And ſcarce the ſpit can turn the ſteer entire.
Booths ſudden hide the Thames, long ſtreets appear,
And num'rous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the ſpacious plain,
Thick riſing tents a canvaſs city built,
And the loud dice reſound thro' all the field.
  'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate;
Let elegiack lay the wo relate,
Soft as the breath of diſtant flutes, at hours
When ſilent ev'ning cloſes up the flowers,
Lulling as falling water's hollow noiſe,
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll every day had walk'd theſe treach'rous roads,
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: ſhe now a baſket bore;
That head, alas! ſhall baſket bear no more.
Each booth ſhe frequent paſt in queſt of gain,
And boys with pleaſure heard her ſhrilling ſtrain.
Ah! Doll! all mortals muſt reſign their breath,
And Induſtry itſelf ſubmit to death.
The cracking cryſtal yields; ſhe ſinks, ſhe dies;
Her head, chopt off, from her loſt ſhoulders flies:
Pippins ſhe cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip,-pip,-pip, along the ice reſounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His ſever'd head floats down the ſilver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his loſt conſort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the weſtern gale the flood unbinds,
And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From ev'ry penthouſe ſtreams the fleeting ſnow,
And with diſſolving froſt the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days,
When thro' the Town, with ſlow and ſolemn air,
Led by the noſtril, walks the muzzled bear;

Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull,
Learn hence the periods of the week to name:
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.
When fishy stalls with double store are laid,
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad finn'd maid,
Red speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unskaly sole,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts,
Wednesdays and Fridays, you'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.
When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.
Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring:
Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood:
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are profan'd by mack'rel cries.
Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand, in autumn, stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poets' crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries thro' all the Town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.
Now, heav'n-born Charity! thy blessings shed,
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:
Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
See, see the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.
Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan,
While Charity still moves the Walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let Old Age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them thro' the public's square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry:

With heav'n, for twopence, cheaply wipes his ſcore,
Lifts up his eyes, and haſtes to beggar more.
Where the braſs-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canſt thou paſs unmindful of a pray'r,
That Heav'n in mercy may thy brother ſpare?
Come, F***! ſincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees, ſuſpend:
Come let us leave the Temple's ſilent walls,
Me bus'neſs to my diſtant lodging calls:
Thro' the long Strand together let us ſtray;
With thee converſing I forget the way.
Behold that narrow ſtreet which ſteep deſcends,
Whoſe building to the ſlimy ſhore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd ſtructure rear'd its frame,
The ſtreet alone retains an empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvaſs warm'd,
And Raphael's fair deſign with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's ſong, and paſted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where ſtatues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watchhouſe ſtands.
There Eſſex' ſtately pile adorn'd the ſhore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.

Yet Burlington's fair palace ſtill remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns,
Beneath his eye declining Art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives.
There Handel ſtrikes the ſtrings, the melting ſtrain
Tranſports the ſoul, and thrills thro' ev'ry vein.
There oft' I enter, (but with cleaner ſhoes)
For Burlington's belov'd by ev'ry Muſe.
O ye aſſociate Walkers! O my friends!
Upon your ſtate what happineſs attends!
What tho' no coach to frequent viſit rolls,
Nor for your ſhilling chairmen ſling their poles?
Yet ſtill your nerves rheumatick pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your ſaffron eye;
No waſting cough diſcharges ſounds of death,
Nor wheezing aſthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your reſtleſs couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout or ſedentary ſtone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the ſtreet,
And truſt their ſafety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft' the ſudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and ſhifts the dang'rous ſail:
Then ſhall the paſſenger too late deplore
The whelming billow and the faithleſs oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel ſpurns,
The glaſſes ſhatters, and his charge o'erturns.

Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?
I 've ſeen a beau, in ſome ill-fated hour,
When o'er the ſtones chok'd kennels ſwell the ſhow'r,
In gilded chariot loll, he with diſdain
Views ſpatter'd paſſengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing ſteeds, lac'd charioteer:
The duſtman laſhes on with ſpiteful rage,
His pond'rous ſpokes thy painted wheel engage;
Cruſh'd is thy pride, down falls the ſhrieking beau,
The ſlabby pavement cryſtal fragments ſtrow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat diſgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So when dread Jove the ſon of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headſtrong courſers tore the ſilver reins,
And the ſun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
If the pale Walker pant with weak'ning ills,
His ſickly hand is ſtor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the ſeventh-born doctor's fame;
From hence he learns the cheapeſt tailor's name.
Shall the large mutton ſmoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market beſt affords.
Would'ſt thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St James's ſends thee veal;
Thames-ſtreet gives cheeſes; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-ſtreet old ſuits.

Hence may'ſt thou well ſupply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.
  Volumes on ſhelter'd ſtalls expanded lie,
And various ſcience lures the learned eye;
The bending ſhelves with pond'rous ſcholiaſts groan,
And deep divines, to modern ſhops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on induſtrious wing
Collects the various odours of the ſpring,
Walkers, at leiſure, Learning's flow'rs may ſpoil,
Nor watch the waſting of the midnight oil;
May morals ſnatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's ſage,
Here ſaunt'ring 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve ſmile, or over D** ſleep:
Pleas'd ſempſtreſſes the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And Squirts* read Garth, 'till apozems grow cold.
  O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy ſtall, for every curious eye;
So ſhall the poor theſe precepts gratis know,
And to my verſe their future ſafeties owe.
  What Walker ſhall his mean ambition fix
On the falſe luſtre of a coach and ſix?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring ſhow,
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.
  See yon' bright chariot on its harneſs ſwing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched ſpring:

* The name of an apothecary's boy in the Poem of *The Diſpenſary.*

That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his ſiſter to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'ſcutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb ſhows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, ſunk in velvet, ſleeps;
The ſtarving orphan, as he paſſes, weeps:
There flames a fool, begirt with tinſel'd ſlaves,
Who waſtes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a cluſt'ring train behind,
Owes his new honours to a ſordid mind.
This next in court fidelity excels,
The publick rifles, and his country ſells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at ſo mean, ſo dear a rate:
O rather give me ſweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good ſurtout!

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

Of walking the ſtreets by night.

O TRIVIA! goddeſs, leave theſe low abodes,
And traverſe o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celeſtial Queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At ſight of thee the villain ſheaths his ſword,
Nor ſcales the wall, to ſteal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy ſilver lamp from heav'n's high bow'r
Direct my footſteps in the midnight hour!
When night firſt bids the twinkling ſtars appear,
Or with her cloudy veſt inwraps the air,
Then ſwarms the buſy ſtreet; with caution tread
Where the ſhop windows falling threat thy head:
Now lab'rers home return, and join their ſtrength
To bear the tott'ring plank or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the paſſes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement ſtand,
Whoſe ſtraiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouſe bows the Walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a poſt protects the narrow ſpace,
And, ſtrung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouſe thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be reſolute, beware;

Forth iſſuing from ſteep lanes, the collier's ſteeds
Drag the black load; another cart ſucceeds,
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement ſounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the ſtreet,
Entangled here, the wagon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harneſs; here a pond'rous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for ſlaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raiſe their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the ſmart blow provokes the ſturdy war:
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining laſh their ſhins reſound,
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood guſhes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriours light,
And with their pond'rous fiſts renew the fight;
Blow anſwers blow, their cheeks are ſmear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene* bred,
Or on Weſtphalia's fatt'ning cheſnuts fed,
Gnaſh their ſharp tuſks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Diſpute the reign of ſome luxurious mire,
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws diſtil with foam and gore.

* New Foreſt in Hampſhire, anciently ſo call'd.

Where the mob gathers, ſwiftly ſhoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noiſy throng.
Lur'd by the ſilver hilt, amid the ſwarm
The ſubtile artiſt will thy ſide diſarm.
Nor is thy flaxen wig with ſafety worn;
High on the ſhoulder in a baſket borne
Lurks the ſly boy, whoſe hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the ſkulking thief, with practis'd ſleight
And unfelt fingers makes thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late ſnuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo! his bolder thefts ſome tradeſman ſpies,
Swift from his prey the ſcudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'ſcapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilſt ev'ry honeſt tongue Stop thief reſounds.
So ſpeeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathleſs he ſtumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honeſt work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And ſtretch'd beneath the pump's inceſſant ſpout;
Or plung'd in miry ponds he gaſping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plaiſters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-ſinger's ſhrilling ſtrain
Amid the ſwarm thy liſt'ning ear detain;

Guard well thy pocket; for theſe Syrens ſtand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the ſong.
But ſoon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in ſhoals they backward run:
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either ſide.
If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop ſhort; nor ſtruggle thro' the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the paſſing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide,
Tumultuous, bear my partner from my ſide,
Impatient venture back; deſpiſing harm,
I force my paſſage where the thickeſt ſwarm.
Thus his loſt bride the Trojan ſought in vain
Thro' night, and arms, and flames, and hills of ſlain;
Thus Niſus wander'd o'er the pathleſs grove,
To find the brave companion of his love:
The pathleſs grove in vain he wanders o'er;
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.
That Walker who, regardleſs of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damſel's face,
From ſide to ſide by thruſting elbows toſt,
Shall ſtrike his aking breaſt againſt a poſt;
Or water, daſh'd from fiſhy ſtalls, ſhall ſtain
His hapleſs coat with ſpirts of ſcaly rain.

But if unwarily he chance to ſtray,
Where twirling turnſtiles intercept the way,
The thwarting paſſenger ſhall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathleſs to the ground.
  Let conſtant vigilance thy footſteps guide,
And wary circumſpection guard thy ſide;
Then ſhalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboy's ſmoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to croſs the road
Where alehouſe benches reſt the porter's load,
Grievous to heedleſs ſhins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruiſes oft' the truant ſchoolboy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with inſidious pace,
Shall mark thy ſtocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy vent'rous ſteps approach too nigh
Where, gaping wide, low ſleepy cellars lie;
Should thy ſhoe wrench aſide, down, down you fall,
And overturn the ſcolding huckſter's ſtall;
The ſcolding huckſter ſhall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
  Tho' you thro' cleanlier alleys wind by day,
To ſhun the hurries of the publick way,
Yet ne'er to thoſe dark paths by night retire;
Mind only ſafety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haſte detain,
Nor ſneering alewives bid thee turn again.
  Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide ſpace, is rail'd around,
Croſs not with vent'rous ſtep; there oft' is found

The lurking thief, who, while the day light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Tho' thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.
Still keep the publick streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law-defended Town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land:
No bravoes here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side;
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;

Whene'er I paſs, their poles unſeen below,
Make my knees tremble with the jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road where ſtreets are croſt,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accoſt:
He ne'er the threat or harſh command obeys,
But with contempt the ſpatter'd ſhoe ſurveys.
Now man with utmoſt fortitude thy ſoul,
To croſs the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy ſkill confide,
Nor raſhly riſk the kennel's ſpacious ſtride:
Stay till afar the diſtant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air:
Thy foot will ſlide upon the miry ſtone,
And paſſing coaches cruſh thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels encloſe the road; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midſt you ſtand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman ſwears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry ſide the preſſing ſpokes are nigh.
So ſailors, while Charybdis' gulf they ſhun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.
Be ſure obſerve where brown Oſtrea ſtands,
Who boaſts her ſhelly ware from Wallfleet ſands;
There may'ſt thou paſs, with ſafe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the ſtreet.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam; where oyſter-tubs in rows

Are rang'd beſide the poſts; there ſtay thy haſte,
And with the ſav'ry fiſh indulge thy taſte:
The damſel's knife the gaping ſhell commands,
While the ſalt liquor ſtreams between her hands.
  The man had ſure a palate cover'd o'er
With braſs or ſteel, that on the rocky ſhore
Firſt broke the oozy oyſter's pearly coat,
And riſk'd the living morſel down his throat.
What will not Lux'ry taſte? Earth, ſea, and air,
Are daily ranſack'd for the bill of fare,
Blood ſtuff'd in ſkins is Britiſh Chriſtian's food,
And France robs marſhes of the croaking brood;
Spongy morels in ſtrong ragouſts are found,
And in the ſoup the ſlimy ſnail is drown'd.
  When from high ſpouts the daſhing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For ſhouldſt thou quit thy ground, the ruſhing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All preſs to gain thoſe honours thou haſt loſt,
And rudely ſhove thee far without the poſt.
Then to retrieve the ſhed you ſtrive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and ſoak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the ſhow'r, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel riſk thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' deteſted ſtate,
And by his woes be warn'd to ſhun thy fate.
  Where three roads join'd he met his ſire unknown;
(Unhappy ſire, but more unhappy ſon!)

Each claim'd the way; their swords the strife decide;
The hoary monarch fell; he groan'd and dy'd!
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.
Contemplate, Mortal! on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate,
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb;
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No; the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?
Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not giv'n us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And thinks thou not the double nostril meant
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various City frauds recite *,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threat'ning frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair:
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee thro' the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes,
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catherine-street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant Muse! their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts;
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And City cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribands glare,
The new-scour'd manteau and the slattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

With flatt'ring ſounds ſhe ſooths the cred'lous ear,
My noble Captain! Charmer! Love! my Dear!
In ridinghood near tavern-doors ſhe plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes:
With empty bandbox ſhe delights to range,
And feigns a diſtant errand from the 'Change:
Nay, ſhe will oft' the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane:
She darts from ſarcenet ambuſh wily lears,
Twitches thy ſleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek: theſe ſnares diſdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when ſhe turns again.
I knew a yeoman who, for thirſt of gain,
To the great City drove, from Devon's plain,
His num'rous lowing herd: his herds he ſold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold:
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he ſigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and diſtant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Thro' winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence thro' the ſtreet he reels, from poſt to poſt,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treaſure loſt.
The vagrant wretch th' aſſembled watchmen ſpies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the Roundhouſe pent, all night he ſnores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.
Ah! hapleſs Swain! unus'd to pains and ills,
Canſt thou forego roaſt beef for nauſeous pills?

How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,
When the long ſcroll the ſurgeon's fees demands!
Or elſe (ye Gods avert that worſt diſgrace)
Thy ruin'd noſe falls level with thy face;
Then ſhall thy wife thy loathſome kiſs diſdain,
And wholeſome neighbours from thy mug refrain.
Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light,
Will teach thy reeling ſteps to tread aright;
For ſixpence will ſupport thy helpleſs arm,
And home conduct thee ſafe from nightly harm;
But if they ſhake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confed'rate war,
When rakes reſiſt their pow'r; if hapleſs you
Should chance to wander with the ſcouring crew!
Tho' Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er deſpair,
But ſeek the conſtable's conſid'rate ear;
He will reverſe the watchman's harſh decree,
Mov'd by the rhet'rick of a ſilver fee.
Thus would you gain ſome fav'rite courtier's word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord.
Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of ſleep.
His ſcatter'd pence the flying Nicker* flings,
And with the copper ſhow'r the caſement rings.
Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desp'rate deeds and mischiefs done,
Wherefrom Snowhill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend;
Oft' by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimm'ring socket dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne,
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the cracking axle flies the spoke.
So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor thro' the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then thro' night would hire the harness'd steed?
And who would chuse the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark, Distress with screaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.

At firſt a glowing red enwraps the ſkies,
And borne by winds the ſcatt'ring ſparks ariſe;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion ſpreads;
The ſpiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Thro' the burſt ſaſh a blazing deluge pours,
And ſplitting tiles deſcend in rattling ſhow'rs.
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement ſwarms,
The fireman ſweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern caſque his vent'rous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickeſt ſmoke aſcends;
Mov'd by the mother's ſtreaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpleſs infant thro' the flame he bears,
With no leſs virtue than thro' hoſtile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged ſire.
See forceful engines ſpout their levell'd ſtreams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the ſmoky ruin falls.
Blown by ſtrong winds, the fiery tempeſt roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heav'ns are all ablaze, the face of Night
Is cover'd with a ſanguine dreadful light;
'Twas ſuch a light involv'd thy tow'rs O Rome!
The dire preſage of mighty Cæſar's doom,
When the ſun veil'd in ruſt his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the ſkies o'erſpread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye Crowds! retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,

The nitrous ſtore is laid, the ſmutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames ſudden wrap the walls; with ſullen ſound
The ſhatter'd pile ſinks on the ſmoky ground.
So when the years ſhall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her ſapp'd foundations ſhall with thunders ſhake,
And heave and toſs upon the ſulph'rous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood ſhall rend,
And in th' abyſs her plunging tow'rs deſcend.
  Conſider, Reader! what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintry Town;
What riots ſeen, what buſtling crowds I bor'd,
How oft' I croſs'd where carts and coaches roar'd;
Yet ſhall I bleſs my labours, if mankind
Their future ſafety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
Whoſe ſteps have printed Aſia's deſert ſoil,
The barb'rous Arabs' haunt, or ſhiv'ring croſt
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal froſt,
Whom Providence in length of years reſtores
To the wiſh'd harbour of his native ſhores)
Sets forth his journals to the publick view,
To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring crew.
  And now complete my gen'rous labours lye,
Finiſh'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death ſhall entomb in duſt this mould'ring frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.

When W* and G**, mighty Names! are dead,
Or but a Chelsea under custards read;
When criticks crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air,
High-rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
This Work shall shine, and Walkers bless my name.

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THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

——ἔνθα δὲ θελκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο·
Ἔνθ' ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις ἥτ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονεόντων·
Τόν ῥά οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν. HOM. IL. 14.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day,
Nor the wide Fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade,
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand;
Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the ferveur of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading Fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.
  Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend;

Yet let me in ſome od'rous ſhade repoſe,
Whilſt in my verſe the fair palmetto grows;
Like the tall pine it ſhoots its ſtately head,
From the broad top depending branches ſpread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a ſingle leaf appears,
Which ſhrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd Fan, nor ſtretches wide its veins,
But as the ſeaſons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd ſurface to the nearer ſun:
Beneath this ſhade the weary peaſant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes riſe.
Stay, wand'ring Muſe! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native ſhore confine thy rhymes.
Aſſiſt, ye Nine! your loftieſt notes employ,
Say what celeſtial ſkill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this inſtrument of love began,
And in immortal ſtrains diſplay the Fan.
Strephon had long confeſs'd his am'rous pain,
Which gay Corinna rally'd with diſdain:
Sometimes in broken words he ſigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair:
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dreſs'd, he laugh'd, he ſung, he rhym'd, he danc'd:
Now call'd more pow'rful preſents to his aid,
And, to ſeduce the miſtreſs, brib'd the maid:
Smooth flatt'ry in her ſofter hours apply'd,
The ſureſt charm to bend the force of pride;

But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like musick, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent Queen! from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;
O beauteous Goddess! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain;
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
Oh! may my flame, like thine, Acontius! prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.

When crowds of ſuitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Purſu'd his wiſhes in the dang'rous race;
Like the ſwift hind the bounding damſel flies,
Strains to the goal, the diſtanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the ſwain to ſtay the flying fair,
Thy golden preſent caught the virgin's eyes,
She ſtoops; he ruſhes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian Deity! what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only ſome bright toy can charm her ſight,
Teach me what preſent may ſuſpend her flight.
Thus the deſponding youth his flame declares;
The goddeſs with a nod his paſſion hears.
  Far in Cythera ſtands a ſpacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the god of Love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches ſpread;
Here Nature all her ſweets profuſely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide thro' the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged ſtone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.
  Here buſy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the ſtiff bow and forge the fatal dart:

All ſhare the toil: while ſome the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the ſhafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the ſtony wheel,
Where ſtreams the ſparkling fire from temper'd ſteel;
Some point their arrows with the niceſt ſkill,
And with the warlike ſtore their quivers fill.
  A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer faſhions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament ſupply'd,
Hence ſprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame,
Firſt to theſe little artiſts ow'd its frame.
Here an unfiniſh'd di'mond croſslet lay,
To which ſoft lovers adoration pay;
There was the poliſh'd cryſtal bottle ſeen,
That with quick ſcents revives the modiſh ſpleen:
Here the yet rude unjointed ſnuff-box lies,
Which ſerves the rally'd fop for ſmart replies;
There piles of paper roſe in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames:
Here clouded canes 'midſt heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-caſes ſtrow the ground:
There ſtands the toilette, nurſery of charms,
Completely furniſh'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glaſs, and black-lead combs.
  The toilſome hours in diff'rent labour ſlide,
Some work the file, and ſome the graver guide;

From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms deſcend in tuneful ſounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raiſe,
A ſwarm of lab'rers diff'rent taſks attend:
Here pullies make the pond'rous oak aſcend,
With echoing ſtrokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chiſſel forms the ſhapeleſs ſtones;
The weighty mallet deals reſounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her tow'rs encloſe.
  Now Venus mounts her car; ſhe ſhakes the reins,
And ſteers her turtles to Cythera's plains;
Straight to the grot with graceful ſtep ſhe goes,
Her looſe ambroſial hair behind her flows;
The ſwelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their ſilent hammers on the floor;
In deep ſuſpenſe the mighty labour ſtands,
While thus the goddeſs ſpoke her mild commands.
  Induſtrious Loves! your preſent toils forbear,
A more important taſk demands your care;
Long has the ſcheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often ſeen
Who draws the car of the celeſtial Queen?
Have ye not oft' ſurvey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not ſeen him in the ſunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride diſplay,

Then ſuddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers ſweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this inſtruct your art,
Thin taper ſticks muſt from one centre part;
Let theſe into the quadrant's form divide,
The ſpreading ribs with ſnowy paper hide;
Here ſhall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow:
Let the machine in equal foldings cloſe,
And now its plaited ſurface wide diſpoſe;
So ſhall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the reſtleſs toy,
With various play bid grateful zephyrs riſe,
While love in ev'ry grateful zephyr flies.
    The maſter Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught deſigns;
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly purſue.
Some ſlit their arrows with the niceſt art,
And into ſticks convert the ſhiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the ſleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the ſparks aſpire;
Their arrows' point they ſoften in the flame,
And ſounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the ſpreading ſticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend,
And at juſt diſtance the wide ribs extend,

Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
And finish instantly the new machine.
The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.
Unhappy Lovers! how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair,
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts!
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thund'ring cannon flies;
One hour with more battalions strows the plain
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.

So love with fatal airs the nymph ſupplies,
Her dreſs diſpoſes, and directs her eyes.
The boſom now its panting beauties ſhows,
Th' experienc'd eye reſiſtleſs glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And ſtrike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle headdreſs ſinks, and now aſpires,
A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires:
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
  How ſhall I ſoar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their ſpring?
What force of thought, what numbers can expreſs
Th' inconſtant equipage of female dreſs?
How the ſtrait ſtays the ſlender waiſt conſtrain,
How to adjuſt the mantua's ſweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat ſurround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But ſtay, preſumptuous Muſe! nor boldly dare
The toilette's ſacred myſteries declare;
Let a juſt diſtance be to beauty paid;
None here muſt enter but the truſty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearſe,
And gloſſy manteaus ruſtle in thy verſe;
Should you the rich brocaded ſuit unfold,
Where riſing flow'rs grow ſtiff with froſted gold,
The dazzled Muſe would from her ſubject ſtray,
And in a maze of faſhions loſe her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

Olympus' gates unfold; in heav'n's high tow'rs
Appear in coun'cil all th' immortal pow'rs;
Great Jove above the reft exalted fate;
And in his mind revolv'd fucceeding fate:
His awful eye with ray fuperious fhone,
The thunder-grafping eagle guards his throne;
On filver clouds the great affembly laid,
The whole creation at one view furvey'd.
But fee, fair Venus comes in all her ftate!
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loofe robe officious zephyrs play,
And ftrow with odorif'rous flow'rs the way;
In her right hand fhe waves the flutt'ring Fan,
And thus in melting founds her fpeech began.
Affembled Pow'rs! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the fea, the fkies, and earth, prefide;
Ye Fountains whence all human bleffings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus firft rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to ftream with gen'rous wine;
Induftrious Ceres tam'd the favage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvefts crown'd;
Flora with bloomy fweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I firft taught woman to fubdue mankind,
And all her native charms with drefs refin'd:

Celeſtial Synod! this machine ſurvey,
That ſhades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conſcious bluſhes on her cheek ariſe,
With this ſhe veils them from her lover's eyes:
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,
From the Fan's ambuſh ſhe directs the dart.
The royal ſceptre ſhines in Juno's hand,
And twiſted thunder ſpeaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon ſhield appears,
And Neptune's mighty graſp the trident bears:
Ceres is with the bending ſickle ſeen,
And the ſtrung bow points out the Cynthian Queen;
Henceforth the waving Fan my hand ſhall grace,
The waving Fan ſupply the ſceptre's place.
Who ſhall, ye Pow'rs! the forming pencil hold?
What ſtory ſhall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow ſtrow the ſmiling plains
With unreſiſting nymphs and am'rous ſwains;
May glowing picture o'er the ſurface ſhine,
To melt ſlow virgins with the warm deſign.
   Diana roſe, with ſilver creſcent crown'd,
And fix'd her modeſt eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien ſhe rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin ſaid:
   Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and deluſive ſmiles?

Does man againſt her charms too pow'rful prove,
Or are the ſex grown novices in love?
Why then theſe arms? or why ſhould artful eyes,
From this ſlight ambuſh conquer by ſurpriſe?
No guilty thought the ſpotleſs virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conſcious crimſon glows:
Since bluſhes then from ſhame alone ariſe,
Why ſhould we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And truſt his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cheriſh'd pride,
And woman with deſtructive arms ſupply'd?
Neptune on her beſtows his choiceſt ſtores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping ſhell its pearly charge reſigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the ſoil,
Where the green em'rald pays the ſearcher's toil.
Does not the di'mond ſparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing luſtre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wiſhes muſt ſucceed,
And this fantaſtick engine be decreed,
May ſome chaſte ſtory from the pencil flow,
To ſpeak the virgin's joy and Hymen's wo.

Here let the wretched Ariadne ſtand,
Seduc'd by Theſeus to ſome deſert land,
Her locks diſhevell'd waving in the wind,
The cryſtal tears confeſs her tortur'd mind;
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous ſails,
And their white boſoms catch the ſwelling gales.
Be ſtill, ye Winds! ſhe cries; ſtay, Theſeus, ſtay;
But faithleſs Theſeus hears no more than they.
All deſp'rate, to ſome craggy cliff ſhe flies,
And ſpreads a well-known ſignal in the ſkies;
His leſs'ning veſſel ploughs the foamy main;
She ſighs, ſhe calls, ſhe waves the ſign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidſt her laſt diſtreſs,
Pale cheeks and bloodſhot eyes her grief expreſs:
Deep in her breaſt the reeking ſword is drown'd,
And guſhing blood ſtreams purple from the wound;
Her ſiſter Anna hov'ring o'er her ſtands,
Accuſes Heav'n with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curſes with her broken ſighs.
View this, ye Maids! and then each ſwain believe;
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris firſt betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
Which the falſe youth wove for Oenone's brow!
The garlands loſe their ſweets, their pride is ſhed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled;

On her fair arm her penſive head ſhe lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful looks ſurveys,
That flood which witneſs'd his inconſtant flame,
When thus he ſwore, and won the yielding dame:
These ſtreams ſhall ſooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear Oenone's love.
Roll back, ye Streams! back to your fountain run,
Paris is falſe, Oenone is undone.
Ah! wretched Maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curs'd paſſion knew,
When groves could pleaſe and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the preſence of your perjur'd ſwain.
Thus may the nymph, whene'er ſhe ſpreads the Fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin ſtate in foreſts rove,
And never truſt the dang'rous hopes of love.
The goddeſs ended, merry Momus roſe;
With ſmiles and grins he waggiſh glances throws,
Then with a noiſy laugh foreſtals his joke,
Mirth flaſhes from his eyes while thus he ſpoke.
Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaſte Diana on the piece be ſeen,
And the bright creſcent own the Cynthian Queen.
On Latmos' top ſee young Endymion lies,
Feign'd ſleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes;
See to his ſoft embraces how ſhe ſteals,
And on his lips her warm careſſes ſeals;

No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms ſhe folds.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on ſome flow'ry bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful ſhade,
Her naked boſom wanton treſſes grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face.
O'er her fair limbs a thin looſe veil is ſpread,
Stand off, ye Shepherds! fear Actæon's head;
Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute ſeize,
And in a ſhaggy goat the virgin pleaſe.
Why are our ſecrets by our bluſhes ſhown?
Virgins are virgins ſtill—while 'tis unknown.
There with juſt warmth Aurora's paſſion trace,
Let ſpreading crimſon ſtain her virgin face;
See Cephalus her wanton airs deſpiſe,
While ſhe provokes him with deſiring eyes:
To raiſe his paſſion ſhe diſplays her charms,
His modeſt hand upon her boſom warms;
Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force, his heart perſuade,
But with diſdain he quits the roſy maid.
Here let diſſolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breaſts reveal her joy;
Beneath the preſſing ſwan ſhe pants for air,
While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conqu'ring gold exert its pow'r,
And ſoften Danae in a glitt'ring ſhow'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cheriſh pride,
Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,
On the machine the ſage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wiſdom mark her face:
See where ſhe lies near ſome tranſparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the reſounding wood;
Her image in the floating glaſs ſhe ſpies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and ſhrivell'd eyes:
She breaks the guiltleſs pipe, and with diſdain
Its ſhatter'd ruins flings upon the plain:
With the loud reed no more her cheeks ſhall ſwell;
What, ſpoil her face! no. Warbling ſtrains farewell.
Shall arts—ſhall ſciences, employ the fair?
Theſe trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the marry'd life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye ſparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a huſband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a cloſe embrace.
Let theſe amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be ſeen;
So ſhall the fair, as long as Fans ſhall laſt,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaſte.

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

Thus Momus ſpoke. When ſage Minerva roſe,
From her ſweet lips ſmooth elocution flows,
Her ſkilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,
Where ſhining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are bleſs'd with a ſuperiour ſkill,
And ſwift as mortal thought perform their will,
Straight ſhe propoſes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint expreſs her great deſign.
Th' aſſembled pow'rs conſent. She now began,
And her creating pencil ſtain'd the Fan.
  O'er the fair field trees ſpread, and rivers flow,
Tow'rs rear their heads, and diſtant mountains grow;
Life ſeems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face ſome lively paſſion reigns.
Thus have I ſeen woods, hills, and dales, appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the ſilent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only paſs
Thro' the ſmall circle of a convex glaſs;
On the white ſheet the moving figures riſe,
The foreſt waves, clouds float along the ſkies.
  She various fables on the piece deſign'd,
That ſpoke the follies of the female kind.
  The fate of pride in Niobe ſhe drew:
Be wiſe, ye Nymphs! that ſcornful vice ſubdue:
In a wide plain th' imperious mother ſtood,
Whoſe diſtant bounds roſe in a winding wood;

Upon her ſhoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her ſweeps the ground,
Whoſe ſpacious border golden flow'rs ſurround:
She made Latona's altars ceaſe to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her ſacred name;
To her own charms ſhe bade freſh incenſe riſe,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Sev'n daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Sev'n graceful ſons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant diſdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring ſlain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his riſing ſteed her firſt-born threw,
His op'ning fingers drop the ſlacken'd rein,
And the pale coarſe falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wreſtlers bend,
See, to the graſp their ſwelling nerves diſtend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a ſtrict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When Heav'n purſues we ſhun the ſtroke in vain.
This lifts his ſupplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midſt his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A ſurer weapon ſtrikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raiſe his wounded brother tries,
Death blaſts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

The tender ſiſters bath'd in grief appear,
With ſable garments and diſhevell'd hair,
And o'er their gaſping brothers weeping ſtood;
Some with their treſſes ſtopt the guſhing blood,
They ſtrive to ſtay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action ſhare their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To ſave her only care in vain ſhe tries,
Cloſe at her feet the lateſt victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling ſorrow flows,
Like dewy ſpangles on the bluſhing roſe;
Fixt in aſtoniſhment ſhe weeping ſtood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood:
She ſtiffens with her woes: no more her hair
In eaſy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forſakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the ſanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now ſhe grows,
Which ſtill in tears the mother's anguiſh ſhows.
  Ye haughty Fair! your painted Fans diſplay,
And the juſt fate of lofty pride ſurvey;
Tho' lovers oft' extol your beauty's pow'r,
And in celeſtial ſimilies adore;
Tho' from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddeſſes confeſs inferiour charms,
Do not, vain Maid! the flatt'ring tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glaſs deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
What guilt, what horrour on his face appears!
See, his red eyelid seems to swell with tears,
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not in sullen discontent your peace;
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian Queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd;
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound:
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroid'ry plays;

His ſnowy feather edg'd with crimſon dyes,
And his bright ſwordknot lure her wand'ring eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conſpire to move,
Till the nymph falls a ſacrifice to love.
  Here young Narciſſus o'er the fountain ſtood,
And view'd his image in the cryſtal flood,
The cryſtal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image ſtrives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breaſt ſubdu'd,
Echo in vain the flying boy purſu'd,
Himſelf alone the fooliſh youth admires,
And with fond look the ſmiling ſhade deſires;
O'er the ſmooth lake with fruitleſs tears he grieves,
His ſpreading fingers ſhoot in verdant leaves,
Thro' his pale veins green ſap now gently flows,
And in a ſhort-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.
  Let vain Narciſſus warn each female breaſt,
That beauty's but a tranſient good at beſt;
Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh! Araminta, ceaſe thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithleſs charms confide;
Ev'n while the glaſs reflects thy ſparkling eyes,
Their luſtre and thy roſy colour flies!
  Thus on the Fan the breathing figure ſhine,
And all the pow'rs applaud the wiſe deſign.
  The Cyprian Queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the ſynod leaves:

To the low world ſhe bends her ſleepy way,
Where Strephon paſs'd the ſolitary day;
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His downcaſt eyes betray'd deſponding love;
The wounded bark confeſs'd his ſlighted flame,
And ev'ry tree bore falſe Corinna's name:
In a cool ſhade he lay with folded arms,
Curſes his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,
And with theſe words relieves his am'rous cares.
Riſe, happy Youth! this bright machine ſurvey,
Whoſe rattling ſticks my buſy fingers ſway,
This preſent ſhall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle boſom kindle love.
The Fan ſhall flutter in all female hands,
And various faſhions learn from various lands:
For this ſhall elephants their iv'ry ſhed,
And poliſh'd ſticks the waving engine ſpread;
His clouded mail the tortoiſe ſhall reſign,
And round the rivet pearly circles ſhine:
On this ſhall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours ſtain the gaudy toy;
Their paint ſhall here in wildeſt fancies flow,
Their dreſs, their cuſtoms, their religion ſhow;
So ſhall the Britiſh fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to diſtant climates rove.
Here China's ladies ſhall their pride diſplay,
And ſilver figures gild their looſe array:

This boaſts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the pipe, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here croſs-legg'd nobles in rich ſtate ſhall dine,
There in bright mail diſtorted heroes ſhine.
The peeping Fan in modern times ſhall riſe,
Thro' which unſeen the female ogle flies:
This ſhall in temples the ſly maid conceal,
And ſhelter love beneath Devotion's veil.
Gay France ſhall make the Fan her artiſts' care,
And with the coſtly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators that touch the heart,
With various action raiſe their ſoothing art,
Both head and hand affect the liſt'ning throng,
And humour each expreſſion of the tongue:
So ſhall each faſhion by the Fan be ſeen,
From noiſy anger to the ſullen ſpleen.
   While Venus ſpoke, joy ſhone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting boſom flew:
Leander lov'd, and to the ſprightly dame
In gentle ſighs reveal'd his growing flame;
Sweet ſmiles Corinna to his ſighs returns,
And for the fop in equal paſſion burns.
   Lo, Strephon comes! and with a ſuppliant bow
Offers the preſent, and renews his vow.

When ſhe the fate of Niobe beheld,
Why has my pride againſt my heart rebell'd?
She ſighing cry'd: diſdain forſook her breaſt,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy gueſt.
In Procris' boſom when ſhe ſaw the dart,
She juſtly blames her own ſuſpicious heart;
Imputes her diſcontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's conſtancy ſincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eyes ſhe turns,
No more for ſhow and equipage ſhe burns:
She learns Leander's paſſion to deſpiſe,
And looks on merit with diſcerning eyes.
Narciſſus' change to the vain virgin ſhows,
Who truſts to beauty truſts the fading roſe.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye Virgins! ere the bloſſom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brighteſt flame.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

IN SIX PASTORALS.

----------Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.---- Virg.

THE PROEME

TO THE

COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvell hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesie highly flourishing, no poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travailing in this plain highway of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it beboveth a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth, and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise, sure more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit not ignorant I am what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of

late days by certain young men of inſipid delicacy, concerning I wiſt not what Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine paſtoral; whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age ſo juſtly to be inſtiled Golden, as this of our ſovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for ſchools and ſchoolboys) unto that ancient Dorick ſhepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all ſimplicity.

> Ὡιπόλος ὄκκ᾽ ἐσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας οἷα βατεῦνται
> Τακεῖται ὀφθαλμὼς ὅτι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἔγεντο. Theoc.

Verily as little pleaſance receiveth a true homebred taſt from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothick garniture, wherewith they ſo nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for which to call them rightly I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, ſhould he find them occupied by people of this motley make, inſtead of plain, downright, hearty, cleanly folk, ſuch as be now tenants to the burgeſſes of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpoſe, gentle Reader, to ſet before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landſchape of thy own country, juſt as thou mighteſt ſee it, dideſt thou take a walk into the fields at the proper ſeaſon; even as Maiſter Milton hath elegantly ſet forth the ſame.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houſes thick and ſewers annoy the air,
Forth iſſuing on a ſummer's morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The ſmell of grain, or tedded graſs or kine,
Or dairie, each rural ſight, each rural ſound.

Thou wilt not find my ſhepherdeſſes idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the ſheaves, or if the hogs are aſtray, driving them to their ſtyes. My ſhepherd gathereth none other noſegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he ſleepeth not under myrtle ſhades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, becauſe there are none, as Maiſter Spenſer well obſerveth,

Well is known that ſince the Saxon King
Never was wolf ſeen, many or ſome,
Nor in all Kent nor in Chriſtendom.

For as much as I have mentioned Maiſter Spenſer, ſoothly I muſt acknowledge him a bard of ſweeteſt memorial. Yet hath his ſhepherd's boy at ſometimes raiſed his ruſtick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverſe grave points alſo hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily ariſing, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me beſt are his names, indeed right ſimple and meet for the country, ſuch as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, ſome of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, The Shepherd's Calendar, *and divided the ſame into the twelve months, I have choſen (peradventure*

not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further (of many of Maister Spenser's Eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified, wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous Reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past, and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future; it having too much of the country to be fit for the court; too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present; too much of the present to have been fit for the old; and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a groundrent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point no reason can I alledge, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of

tranſitory things ſhall decay, it may ſo hap, in meet time, that ſome lover of ſimplicity ſhall ariſe, who ſhall have the hardineſs to render theſe mine Eclogues into ſuch more modern dialect as ſhall be then underſtood, to which end, gloſſes and explications of uncouth paſtoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyſelf with the proſpect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo I, who erſt beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my ſonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
  As lads and laſſes ſtood around
To hear my boxen hautboy ſound,
Our clerk came poſting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen;
That Queen, he ſaid, to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in ſtate.
  At this, in tears was Cic'ly ſeen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps ſtood ev'ry clown,
The parſon rent his band and gown.
  For me, when as I heard that death
Had ſnatch'd Queen Anne to El'zabeth,
I broke my reed, and ſighing ſwore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonefire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They say had wrought this blessed deed;
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept,
But watch'd our gracious sov'reign still;
For who could rest while she was ill?
Oh! may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, Swains! oh! sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, Please God I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see,
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue,
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.
There saw I ladies all-a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.

No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch, in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight;
But Lansdown fresh as flow'r of May,
And Berkeley lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe or oaten reeds,
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.
There many a worthy wight I've seen
In riband blue and riband green;
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles, fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, Shepherds! clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids! your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye Weavers! all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.
There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and queen;
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
St. John, right courteous to the swain:

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy Sonnets, gentle Gay!
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ybound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my Lord had said.

Lo here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear:
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Shou'd stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon' Emp'rour's packets be delay'd,
In sooth I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

MONDAY:

OR,

THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but juſt awake,
No thruſtles ſhrill the bramble-buſh forſake,
No chirpin lark the welkin ſheen invokes,
No damſel yet the ſwelling udder ſtrokes;
O'er yonder hill does ſcant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot ſo rear?

CUD. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is gueſt,
For he that loves, a ſtranger is to reſt;
If ſwains belie not thou haſt prov'd the ſmart,
And Blouzelinda 's miſtreſs of thy heart.

✠. 3.] Welkin, the ſame as Welken; an old Saxon word, ſignifying a cloud; by poetical licenſe it is frequently taken for the element or ſky, as may appear by this verſe in the *Dream of Chaucer.*

Ne in all the welkin was no cloud———

Ibid.] Sheen, or Shine, an old word for ſhining, or bright.

✠. 5.] Scant, uſed in ancient Britiſh authors, for ſcarce.

✠. 6.] Rear, an expreſſion in ſeveral counties of England for early in the morning.

✠. 7.] To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

This riſing rear betok'neth well thy mind;
Thoſe arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda ſmites, Buxoma me.
LOB. CL. Ah! Blouzelind, I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
Wo worth the tongue, may bliſters ſore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.
CUD. Hold, witleſs Lobbin Clout, I thee adviſe,
Leſt bliſters ſore on thy own tongue ariſe.
Lo, yonder Cloddipole, the blithſome ſwain,
The wiſeſt lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the ſkies,
To know when hail will fall or winds ariſe:
He taught us erſt the heifer's tail to view,
When ſtuck aloft, that ſhow'rs would ſtrait enſue:
He firſt that uſeful ſecret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain:
When ſwallows fleet ſoar high and ſport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearſe,
And praiſe his ſweetheart in alternate verſe:
I'll wager this ſame oaken ſtaff with thee,
That Cloddipole ſhall give the prize to me.
LOB. CL. See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with
Made of the ſkin of ſleekeſt fallow-deer; [hair,

℣. 25.] Erſt, a contraction of ere this; it ſignifies ſome time ago, or formerly.

This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.
CUD. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.
LOB. CL. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the kingcup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
Fair is the jelliflow'r, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet;
But Blouzelind's than jelliflow'r more fair
Than daisie, marigold, or kingcup rare.
CUD. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.
LOB. CL. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft, 't is winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.

ℽ. 56.] Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!
CUD. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noontide labour seem'd an holyday;
And holydays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holyday.
LOB. CL. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.
CUD. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 't is true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.
LOB. CL. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's [dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;

✠. 69.] Eftsoons, from eft, an ancient British word signifying soon; so that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were, to say, twice soon, or very soon.

✠. 79.] Quaint has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Millar's Tale*,

As clerkes being full subtle and quaint.

(by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.
CUD. In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.
LOB. CL. As once I play'd at Blindman's buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."
CUD. As at Hot-cockels once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.
LOB. CL. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung;
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.
CUD. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid:

Ver. 83.] Populus Alcidae gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosae myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.
Phillis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phœbi, &c. Virg.

High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.
LOB. CL. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain;
What flow'r is that which bears the Virgin's name*,
The richest metal joined with the same?
CUD. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
What flow'r is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin†, and 't is strown on graves?
CLOD. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains;
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They 're weary of your songs———and so am I.

* Marygold. † Rosemary.

Ver. 118.] Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores. Virg.

Ver. 120.] Et vitula tu dignus et hic. Virg.

TUESDAY,

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerleſs meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols ſweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were ſhown.
When in the ring the ruſtick routs he threw,
The damſels' pleaſures with his conqueſts grew;
Or when aſlant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger ſmites the breaſt of ev'ry maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the ſwain,
The parſon's maid, and neateſt of the plain.
Marian, that ſoft could ſtroke the udder'd cow,
Or leſſen with her ſieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with ſage the hard'ning cheeſe ſhe preſs'd,
And yellow butter Marian's ſkill confeſs'd;
But Marian now devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor ſage-cheeſe prepares;
For yearning love the witleſs maid employs,
And love, ſay ſwains, all buſy heed deſtroys.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous ſmart,
A laſs that Cic'ly hight had won his heart,
Cic'ly, the weſtern laſs that tends the kee,
The rival of the parſon's maid was ſhe,

V. 21.] Kee, a Weſt-country word for kine, or cows.

In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song.
Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.
Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.
Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features, that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft' in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet Colin Clout untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.
Whilom with thee 't was Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry make at night.

If in the ſoil you guide the crooked ſhare,
Your early breakfaſt is my conſtant care;
And when with even hand you ſtrow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In miſling days when I my threſher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Loſt in the muſick of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the ſmoking pail:
In harveſt when the ſun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought ſupply;
Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft' been ſunburnt for thy ſake:
When in the welkin gath'ring ſhow'rs were ſeen,
I lagg'd the laſt with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far:
Straight on the fire the ſooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haſte.
When hungry thou ſtood'ſt ſtaring, like an oaf,
I ſlic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy meſs.
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage leſs!
 Laſt Friday's eve, when as the ſun was ſet,
I, near yon' ſtile, three ſallow gipſies met:
Upon my hand they caſt a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they ſhook;
They ſaid that many croſſes I muſt prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but moſt in love.

Next morn I miſs'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a ſmock.
I bore theſe loſſes with a Chriſtian mind,
And no miſhaps could feel while thou wert kind:
But ſince, alas! I grew my Colin's ſcorn,
I've known no pleaſure night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye Gipſies! bring him home again,
And to a conſtant laſs give back her ſwain.

Have I not ſate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in ſlumbers lie,
Beſides our cat, my Colin Clout and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at laſt year's wake
I bought the coſtly preſent for thy ſake,
Couldſt thou ſpell o'er the poſie on thy knife,
And with another change thy ſtate of life?
If thou forgett'ſt, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verſe ſo ſweet.
As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.
But wo is me! ſuch preſents luckleſs prove,
For knives, they tell me, always ſever love.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears ſhe ſought,
Then ſaw the cow well ſerv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY:

OR,

THE DUMPS*.

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such ſtrains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts ſo ſweet a note.
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor aſs to bray;
No ruſling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damſel ſung.
  Awhile, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor tho' in homely guiſe, my verſe diſdain;
Whether thou ſeek'ſt new kingdoms in the ſun,
Whether thy Muſe does at New-market run,

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made uſe of to expreſs a fit of the ſullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the ſame manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the ſame diſtemper; but our Engliſh antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heavineſs of ſpirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heavieſt kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much uſed in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver 5.] Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca
Certantes quorum ſtupefactae carmine lynces;
Et mutata ſuos requierunt flumina curſus. Virg.

Ver. 9.] Tu mihi ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris——

V. 11.] An opera written by this author, called *The World in the Sun; or, The Kingdom of Birds*; he is alſo famous for his ſong on the New-market Horſe race, and ſeveral others that are ſung by the Britiſh ſwains.

Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyricks swell in ev'ry voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.
Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad;
The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.
Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The riband that his val'rous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on;
Sure if he had eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilom by that riband had been known.
Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the riband he bestow'd his heart.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

ỽ. 17.] Meed, an old word for fame or renown.
Ver 18.]——Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.
Ver. 25.] Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit Olivæ.
ỽ. 33.] Shent, an old word signifying hurt, or harmed.

Shall heavy Clumſilis with me compare?
View this, ye Lovers! and like me deſpair.
Her blubber'd lip by ſmutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheeſe-preſs ſhe could never turn,
Her awkward fiſt did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er ſhe brew'd, the drink would ſtrait go ſour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:
No huſwifery the dowdy creature knew;
To ſum up all, her tongue confeſs'd the ſhrew.
My plaint, ye Laſſes! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.
I 've often ſeen my viſage in yon' lake,
Nor are my features of the homelieſt make.
Tho' Clumſilis may boaſt a whiter dye,
Yet the black ſloe turns in my rolling eye;
And faireſt bloſſoms drop with ev'ry blaſt,
But the brown beauty will like hollies laſt.
Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek,
While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet ſhe, alas! the witleſs lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell 's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling ſtraps unite,
The clucking hen make friendſhip with the kite;

Ver. 37.] Mopſo Niſa datur, quid non ſperemus amantes? Virg.
Ver. 49.] Nec ſum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi. Virg.
Ver. 51.] Alba liguſtra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur. Virg.
Ver. 59.] Jungentur jam grypbes equis; ævoque ſequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ. Virg.

Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the wadling goose,
For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mack'rels graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screechowls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took;
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

Ver. 67.] Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces-----
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus. Virg.

My plaint, ye Laſſes! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.
Now plain I ken whence love his riſe begun;
Sure he was born ſome bloody butcher's ſon,
Bred up in ſhambles, where our younglings ſlain,
Erſt taught him miſchief and to ſport with pain.
The father only ſilly ſheep annoys,
The ſon the ſillier ſhepherdeſs deſtroys.
Does ſon or father greater miſchief do?
The ſire is cruel, ſo the ſon is too.
My plaint, ye Laſſes! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard ſo true a damſel dies a maid.
Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that flow;
A ſudden death ſhall rid me of my wo.
This penknife keen my windpipe ſhall divide;
What, ſhall I fall as ſqueaking pigs have dy'd!
No——To ſome tree this carcaſs I'll ſuſpend;
But worrying curs find ſuch untimely end!
I'll ſpeed me to the pond, where the high ſtool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,

v. 89.] To ken. *Scire. Chaucero*, to ken, and kende, *notus A. S.* cunnan. *Goth.* kunnan. *Germanis* kennen. *Danis* kiende. *Iſlandis* kunna. *Belgis* kennen. This word is of general uſe, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken, for *proſpicere*, is well known, and uſed to diſcover by the eye. Ray, *F. R. S.*

Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor, &c.
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. Virg.

Ver. 99.] ——vivite Sylvæ,
Præceps aerii ſpecula de montis in undas
Deferar. Virg.

That ſtool, the dread of ev'ry ſcolding quean;
Yet ſure a lover ſhould not die ſo mean!
There plac'd aloft, I 'll rave and rail by fits,
Tho' all the pariſh ſay I've loſt my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myſelf I 'll throw,
And quench my paſſion in the lake below.
Ye Laſſes! ceaſe your burden, ceaſe to moan,
And, by my caſe forewarn'd, go mind your own.
The ſun was ſet; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place.
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarſe owl his woful dirges ſings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY:

OR,

THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

Hobnelia, ſeated in a dreary vale,
In penſive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in ſighs bemoan,
And pining Echo anſwers groan for groan.
  I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of wo!
When Lubberkin to Town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forſakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin! theſe ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and ſpells ſhall eaſe my care.
  With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
  When firſt the year I heard the cuckoo ſing,
And call with welcome note the budding ſpring,
I ſtraightway ſet a-running with ſuch haſte,
Deb'rah that won the ſmock ſcarce ran ſo faſt;
Till ſpent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a riſing bank I ſat adown,

v. 8.] Dight, or bedight, from the Saxon word Dightan, which ſignifies to ſet in order.

Then doff'd my ſhoe, and, by my troth, I ſwear,
Therein I ſpy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
 With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
 At eve laſt midſummer no ſleep I ſought,
But to the field a bag of hempſeed brought;
I ſcatter'd round the ſeed on ev'ry ſide,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
This hempſeed with my virgin hand I ſow,
Who ſhall my true-love be the crop ſhall mow,
I ſtraight look'd back, and if my eyes ſpeak truth,
With his keen ſithe behind me came the youth.
 With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
 Laſt Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I rearly roſe, juſt at the break of day,
Before the ſun had chas'd the ſtars away;
Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for ſo ſhould huſwives do)
Thee firſt I ſpy'd, and the firſt ſwain we ſee,
In ſpite of fortune ſhall our truelove be.
See Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
And canſt thou then thy ſweetheart dear forſake?

V. 21.] Doff, and don, contracted from the words do off, and do on.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milkwhite embers spread:
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and love.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;

Ver. 64.]———ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακεῖ μέγα καππυρίσασα. Theoc.
Ver. 6.] Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

My wheel I turn'd, and fung a ballad new,
While from the fpindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who fhould firft come in,
But, in his proper perfon,—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, furpris'd the fight to fee,
Sure fign that he would break his word with me.
Eftfoons I join'd it with my wonted fleight;
So may again his love with mine unite!
 With my fharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
 This ladyfly I take from off the grafs,
Whofe fpotted back might fcarlet red furpafs.
Fly, ladybird, north, fouth, or eaft, or weft,
Fly where the man is found that I love beft.
He leaves my hand; fee to the well he 's flown,
To call my truelove from the faithlefs Town.
 With my fharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
 This mellow pippin which I pare around,
My fhepherd's name fhall flourifh on the ground:
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grafs a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is feen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
 With my fharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Ỽ. 91.] *I pare this* pippin *round and round again,*
My fhepherd's name *to* flourifh on the *plain.* 12mo ed. 1767.

Ver. 93.] Tranfque caput jace; ne refpexeris. Virg.

This pippin ſhall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t' other ſide is borne:
But Boobyclod ſoon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love 's unſound,
While Lubberkin ſticks firmly to the laſt;
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd ſo faſt!
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
As Lubberkin once ſlept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wiſt not when the hempen ſtring I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together faſt I tie the garters twain
And while I knit the knot repeat this ſtrain;
Three times a truelove's knot I tie ſecure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
As I was wont, I trudg'd laſt market-day
To Town, with new-laid eggs preſerv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 't was night,
My purſe grew heavy, and my baſket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's ſhop I went,
And in love-powder all my money ſpent;

Ver. 100.] Nećte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores
Nećte, Amarylli modo; et Veneris dic vincula nećto. Virg.
Ver. 123.] Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lećta venena
Ipſa dedit Mœris. Virg.

Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the alehouſe Lubberkin repairs,
Theſe golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And ſoon the ſwain with fervent love ſhall glow.
With my ſharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder ſtile ſee Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor ſhall ſhe, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he ſwears, he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

Ver. 127.] ——Ποτὸν κακὸν αὔριον οἰσῶ. Theoc.
Ver. 131.] Neſcio quid certe eſt; et hylax in limine latrat.

FRIDAY:

OR,

THE DIRGE*.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, doſt thou ſo wiſtful ſeem?
There's ſorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon' oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blaſts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a ſhow'r of leaves is borne,
And their loſt beauty riven beeches mourn;
Yet ev'n this ſeaſon pleaſance blithe affords;
Now the ſqueez'd preſs foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new waſh ſorrow from thy ſoul.

GRUB. Ah! Bumkinet! ſince thou from hence wert [gone,
From theſe ſad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 't would ſpoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang ſorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim ſonnets caſt away our care.

* Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or ſong of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirigie*, in the Popiſh hymn, *Dirigie greſſus meos*, as ſome pretend, but from the Teutonick *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praiſe and extol: whence it is poſſible their *dyrke* and our *dirge* was a laudatory ſong to commemorate and applaud the dead. *Cowell's Interpreter.*

Ver. 15.] Incipe Mopſe prior ſi quos aut Phyllidis ignes
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.

Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou ſing'ſt moſt ſweet, O'er hills and far away.
Of Patient Griſſel I deviſe to ſing,
And catches quaint ſhall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol! beneath this ſhelter come,
From hence we view our flocks ſecurely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithſome lad, a tale I mean to ſing,
But with my wo ſhall diſtant vallies ring;
The tale ſhall make our kidlings droop their head,
For wo is me!——our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMK. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!
No happineſs is now reſerv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,
So ſhall my doleful Dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerleſs maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn ſhall dewy ſorrow ſhed,
And ev'ning tears upon the graſs be ſpread;
The rolling ſtreams with wat'ry grief ſhall flow,
And winds ſhall moan aloud——when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn ſhall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, ſhall mourn;
This ſeaſon quite ſhall ſtrip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind ſhall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our paſſion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Freſh riſing ſorrow curdles in my blood.

v. 27.] *Glee*, joy; from the Dutch Glooren, to recreate.

Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the stye I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.
If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound,
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye Swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.
When in the barn the sounding flail I ply
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:

No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon' barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass,
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:
Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye Fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye Swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;
Here Blouzelinda lies——Alas, alas!
Weep, Shepherds!——and remember flesh is grass.
GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,

Ver. 84.] Pro molli viola, pro purpureo Narcisso
Carduus, et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis. Virg.
Ver. 90.] Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen.
Ver. 93.] Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per aestum
Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen haec quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. Virg.

Or winter [illegible] the lab'ring [illegible]
Or nuts and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.
 When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn deathwatch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd:
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.
 How shall I, void of tears, her death relate!
While on her darling's bed her mother sate;
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke.
 Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf,

Ver. 96.] Κρέσσον Μελπομένω τευ ἀκουέμεν ἢ μέλι λείχειν.
Theoc.

ings in a ra
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:
The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake,
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:
My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean:
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside;
Three silver pennies and a ninepence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent.
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.
To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.
After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,
He said that Heav'n would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hourglass in her praise—quite out.
To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her new empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle rase,
For both his horse and cow the churchyard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm:
For Gaffer Treadwell told us by the by,
Exceſſive ſorrow is exceeding dry.
  While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or laſſes with ſoft ſtrokings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the ſtanding lake deſire,
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the ſinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raiſe,
So long ſhall ſwains tell Blouzelinda's praiſe.
  Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy ſtrain,
Till bonny Suſan ſped acroſs the plain:
They ſeiz'd the laſs, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouſe forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kiſſes they forget their cares,
And Suſan Blouzelinda's loſs repairs.

Ver. 153.] Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piſcis amabit,
Dumque thymo paſcentur apes, dum rore cicadæ
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudeſque manebunt.

SATURDAY:

OR,

THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

Sublimer strains, O rustick Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's Flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide thro' the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween,
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;

That Bowzybeus who could ſweetly ſing,
Or with the roſin'd bow torment the ſtring;
That Bowzybeus who with fingers' ſpeed
Could call ſoft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches, ſung.
They loudly laugh to ſee the damſel's fright,
And in diſport ſurround the drunken wight.
  Ah! Bouzybee, why didſt thou ſtay ſo long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous ſtrong!
Thou ſhouldſt have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou ſat'ſt toping till the morning light.
  Cic'ly, briſk maid, ſteps forth before the rout,
And kiſs'd with ſmacking lip the ſnoaring lout;
For cuſtom ſays, whoe'er this venture proves,
For ſuch a kiſs demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling ſtraw within his noſe.
He rubs his noſtril, and in wonted joke
The ſneering ſwains with ſtamm'ring ſpeech beſpoke.
To you, my lads, I'll ſing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I've ſomething elſe in ſtore.
  No ſooner 'gan he raiſe his tuneful ſong,
But lads and laſſes round about him throng.

Ver. 22.] Serta procul tantum capiti delapſa jacebant. Virg.
Ver. 40.] Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. Virg.
Ver. 43.] Carmina quæ vultis, cognoſcite; carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit. Virg.

Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night:
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail:
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed:
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drousy bat and dormouse sleep:
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
For huntsmen by their long experience find
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Ver. 47.] Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes,
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea. Virg.

Ver. 51.] Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c. Virg.

Now he goes on, and ſings of fairs and ſhows,
For ſtill new fairs before his eyes aroſe:
How pedlars' ſtalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid:
Long ſilken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets ſhine:
How the tight laſs knives, combs, and ſciſſars ſpies,
And looks on thimbles with deſiring eyes:
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where ſilver ſpoons are won, and rings of gold:
The lads and laſſes trudge the ſtreet along,
And all the fair is crowded in his ſong:
The mountebank now treads the ſtage, and ſells
His pills, his balſams, and his ague ſpells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler ſprings,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden ſwings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Toſſes the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet:
Of rareeſhows he ſung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then ſad he ſung The Children in the Wood;
Ah! barb'rous uncle, ſtain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in deſerts wild,
And fearleſs at the glitt'ring fauchion ſmil'd:
Their little corpſe the robin-red-breaſts found,
And ſtrow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah! gentle Birds! if this verſe laſts ſo long,
Your names ſhall live for ever in my ſong.

Ver. 97. Fortunate ambo, ſi quid mea carmina poſſunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. Virg.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befel,
When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
All in the Land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green,
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's Dragon slain by valiant Moore;
The bow'r of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?

℣. 99.] A Song in the Comedy of *Love for Love*, beginning, A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

℣. 109.] A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his *Poems.*

Ver. 112.] Et fortunatam si nunquam armenta fuissent Pasiphaen. Virg.

Ver. 117.] Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.

℣. 117.] Old English ballads.

His carol ceas'd; the liſt'ning maids and ſwains
Seem ſtill to hear ſome ſoft imperfect ſtrains.
Sudden he roſe, and as he reels along,
Swears kiſſes ſweet ſhould well reward his ſong.
The damſels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat ſheaf drops adown;
The Pow'r that guards the drunk his ſleep attends,
Till ruddy like his face the ſun deſcends.

An Alphabetical Catalogue of names, plants, flowers, fruits, birds, beaſts, inſects, and other material things mentioned in theſe Paſtorals.

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ACIS AND GALATEA.

A SERENATA.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE MUSICK BY MR. HANDEL.

PART I.

A rural proſpect, diverſified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea ſeated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and ſhepherds, diſtributed about the landſcape; and Polyphemus diſcovered ſitting upon a mountain.

CHORUS.

O THE pleaſure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy ſwains!
(Harmleſs, merry, free and gay)
Dance and ſport the hours away,
For us the zephyr blows,
For us diſtils the dew,
For us unfolds the roſe,
And flowers diſplay their hue:
For us the winter's rain,
For us the ſummer's ſhine;
Spring ſwells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Ye verdant plains and woody Mountains!
Purling ſtreams and bubbling Fountains!
Ye painted Glories of the Field!

Vain are the pleaſures which you yield;
Too thin the ſhadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Huſh, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling ſtrains;
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce deſire:
Ceaſe your ſong, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my ſight. *Da capo.*

AIR.

ACIS. Where ſhall I ſeek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind Genius of the Mountains:
O tell me if you ſaw my dear;
Seeks ſhe the groves, or bathes in chryſtal fountains?
Da capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAM. Stay, Shepherd! ſtay;
See how thy flocks in yonder valley ſtray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd! what art thou purſuing?
Heedleſs running to thy ruin!
Share our joy, our pleaſure ſhare:
Leave thy paſſion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from ſorrow,
Free from love and free from care. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Lo here, my Love!
Turn, Galatea! hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
Nor grace nor charm is wanting
To set the heart on fire. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love
All on the naked spray,
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the livelong day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love. *Da capo.*

DUET.

ACIS, GAL. Happy we.
What joys I feel!—What charms I ſee!
Of all youths thou deareſt Boy!
Of all nymphs thou brighteſt fair!
Thou all my bliſs, thou all my joy! *Da capo.* 66

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

PART II.

A concerto on the organ.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED Lovers! Fate has paſt
This ſad decree, No joy ſhall laſt.
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monſter Polypheme;
See what ample ſtrides he takes,
The mountain nods, the foreſt ſhakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the ſhores:
Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

POLYPH. I rage, I melt, I burn;
The feeble god has ſtabb'd me to the heart.
Thou truſty Pine!
Prop of my godlike ſteps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In ſoft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O ſweeter than the berry!

O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster! *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, GALATEA, DAMON.

POLYPH. Whither, Fairest! art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?
GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.
POLYPH. Thee Polyphemus! great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.
GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, Monster! bid some other guest:
I loathe the host; I loathe the feast.

AIR.

POLYPH. Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever whining love disdaining,

Let the brave their aims pursuing,
Still be conqu'ring, not complaining. *Da capo.*

AIR.

DAMON. Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suff'ring is the lover's part:
Beauty, by constraint, possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing;
Lifeless charms without the heart. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The god of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds th' alarm,
And fear is a flying:
When beauty 's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I 'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain. *Da capo.*

AIR.

DAM. Consider, fond Shepherd!
How fleeting 's the pleasure
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair:

The joys that attend it
By moments we meaſure;
But life is too little
To meaſure our care. *Da capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Ceaſe, O ceaſe, thou gentle Youth!
Truſt my conſtancy and truth;
Truſt my truth, and pow'rs above,
The pow'rs propitious ſtill to love. *Da capo.*

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, POLYPHEME.

ACIS, GAL. The flock ſhall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
Ere I forſake my love.

POLYPH. Torture! fury! rage! deſpair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS, GAL. Not ſhow'rs to larks ſo pleaſing,
Nor ſunſhine to the bee;
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing,
As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

POLYPH. Fly ſwift, thou maſſy Ruin! fly:
Die, preſumptuous Acis! die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Help, Galatea! help, ye Parent Gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muſes! weep, ye Swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful ſtrains;

Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighb'ring ſhore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GAL. Muſt I my Acis ſtill bemoan,
Inglorious cruſh'd beneath that ſtone?
Muſt the lovely charming youth
Die for his conſtancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark deſpair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Ceaſe, Galatea! ceaſe to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canſt relieve;
Call forth thy pow'r, employ thy art;
The goddeſs ſoon can heal thy ſmart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Thro' verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. 'Tis done: thus I exert my pow'r divine;
Be thou immortal, tho' thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart! thou ſeat of ſoft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a cryſtal flood?
Rock! thy hollow womb diſcloſe:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill his gentle love. *Da capo.*

CHORUS.

Galatea! dry thy tears;
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murm'ring Stream!
Shepherds' pleaſure, Muſes' theme;
Thro' the plain ſtill joy to rove,
Murm'ring ſtill thy gentle love.

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